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The Bystander, February 26, 1930

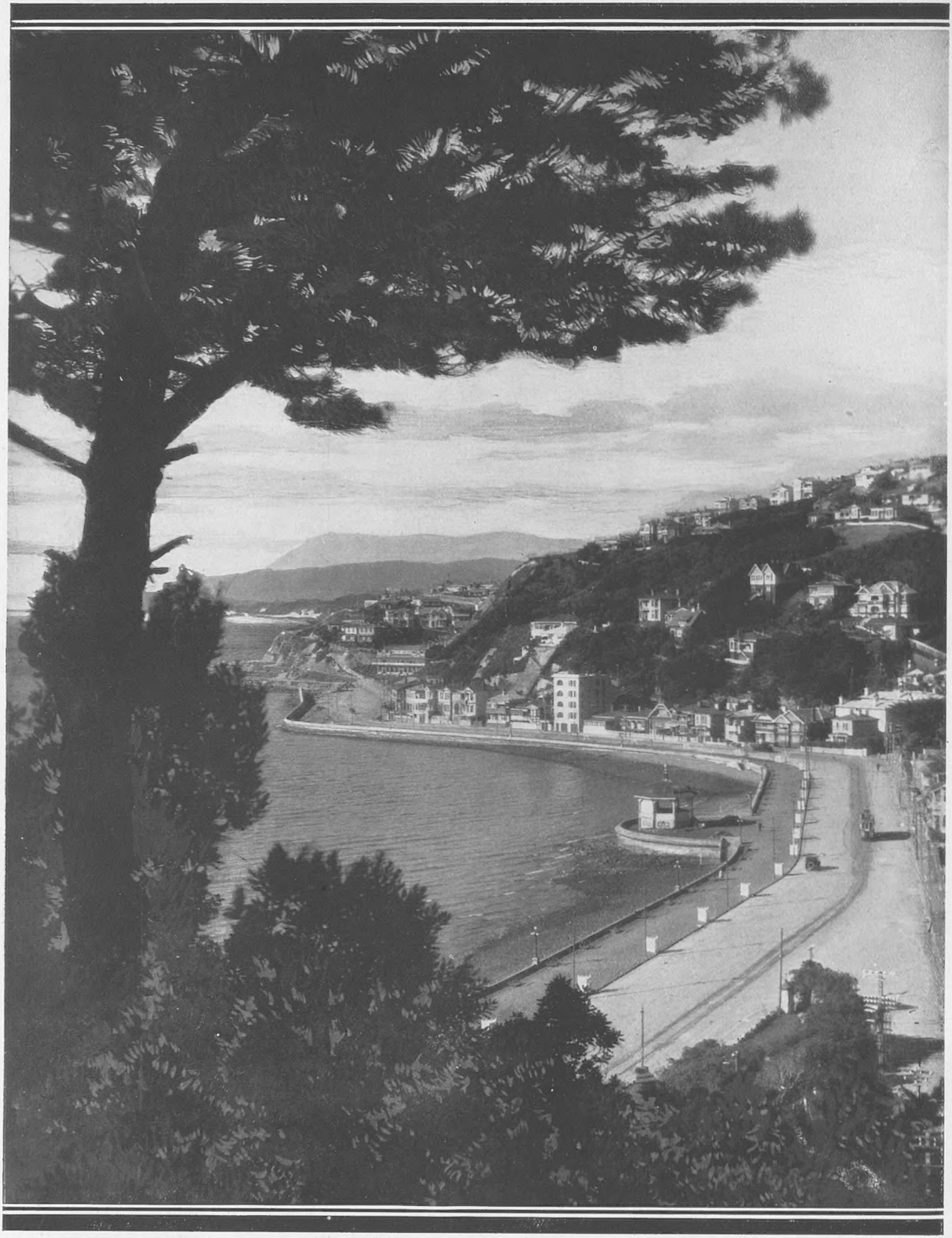
No. 1367. Vol. CV

The BYSTANDER

LADY DORIA PELHAM-CLINTON-HOPE

Lenare

Lady Doria, the elder daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, whose engagement to Mr. Baldwin Childe, son of the late Lt.-Col. Frederick Childe, was recently announced, attracted a great deal of attention some time ago when she was discovered acting as a saleswoman in Saks Store, New York



N.Z. Government Publicity Photo

OUR EMPIRE—NEW ZEALAND

This—the fourth view we have published of the British Empire's most famous places, so little known by the mass of Britons who have inherited an Empire of illimitable possibilities—shows Oriental Bay, near Wellington, New Zealand, often described as the Riviera of the Antipodes. Here the sun shines on white houses set off by a deep blue sea

Express Photos

THE QUEEN AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

Last week the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of York and Princess Mary, visited the British Industries Fair. During the three hours which she was there the Queen made several purchases, including a dinner service, some leather handbags, some attaché cases and an electrically lit dolls'-house for Princess Elizabeth. Above are seen Sir Charles Howell Thomas, Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture (left), Lord Passfield, H.R.H. Princess Mary, H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of York, and Mr. G. M. Gillett, M.P., Secretary Department of Overseas Trade

The Passing Hour

THE return of the King and Queen to Buckingham Palace and the appearance of Her Majesty once again in London bestirs social activities and comes as a double blessing to all those charity organisers who are fortunate enough to obtain her attendance at their various functions. And the King will hold the first Investiture since his illness at Buckingham Palace next week.

Yet one more proof of the turn of winter is the Shire Horse Show this week at the Royal Agricultural Hall, where the sight of Sir Walter Gilbey's curly brown bowler will bring a hint of the countryside and the farmers into London streets.

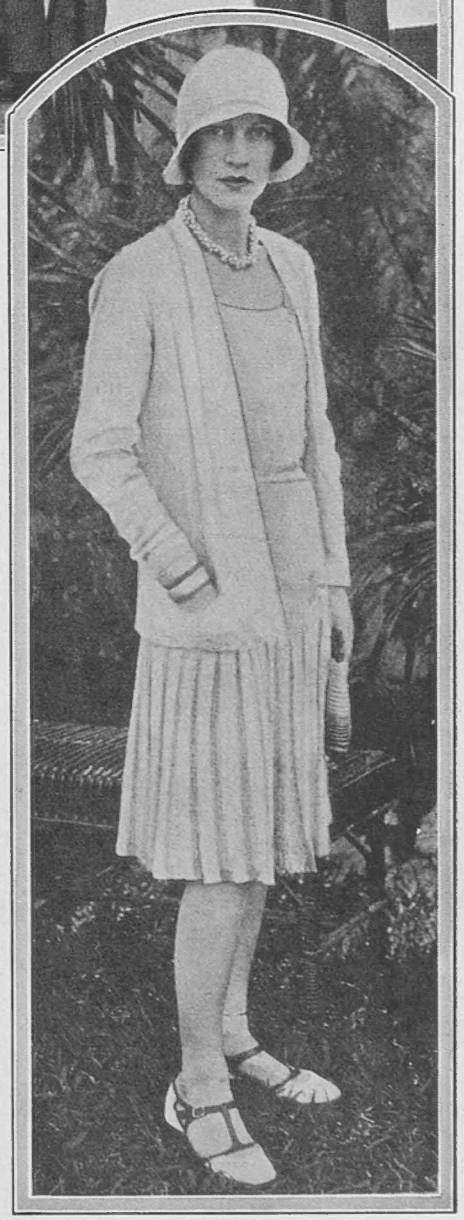
L.N.A.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT

A snapshot of Lord Beaverbrook, whose new-founded Party, in conjunction with Lord Rothermere, has caused a flutter in the old Party circles

Prince George as a Pianist

PRINCE GEORGE is the only one of the King's sons who can sit down at the piano and play dance music with a great deal of the art of syncopated emphasis that is the secret of interpreting modern dance tunes. He has considerably added to his extempore repertory during his convalescence, and he also has the precious gift of being able to play by ear. I believe that after visiting Noel Coward's operette, *Bitter Sweet*, he returned to a friend's house and was able to vamp the principal tunes straight off. His brother, the Duke of Gloucester,



Central News

The Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, who, with her sister, the Countess of Carlisle, has been staying at Nassau, in the Bahamas. Several well-known people have paid visits to this fashionable resort

THE NEW PARTY

Snapped on the Riviera: Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney leaving the Carlton Hotel for a stroll in the sunshine during their stay at Cannes

M. Alain Gerbault, the famous navigator of the Firecrest, with Lady Salmond (centre) and Lady Lavery. They are seen at the Gallia International Lawn Tennis Tournament, Cannes

Mr. George Simond (right), the well-known lawn tennis referee, with Major Berkeley Levitt, who has been staying with the Duke of Connaught at Cap Ferrat

as the result of his voyage to Japan last spring, has adopted the hobby of collecting old Japanese ivories. This will involve him in somewhat serious study if he is to avoid clever imitations which deceive even expert connoisseurs.

The New Fourth Party

THE sudden announcement last Tuesday by Lord Beaverbrook of his new party, called the United Empire Party, has caused a rare flutter in the dovecotes in all political centres. Nor was the apprehension of the Conservative Party allayed when Lord Rothermere ranged himself definitely with Lord Beaverbrook and boldly announced that funds will be provided to enable fifty candidates of the new party to fight likely seats when opportunities arise.

I rather fancied that the Beaverbrook journals, with their intensive campaign during the last few months, would have collected more than two hundred thousand Empire Crusaders, but the public are extraordinarily lethargic, and there seems to be good reason to believe that among the electors generally there is a big urge to support Empire Free Trade, the more so in view of the disastrous unemployment figures. It is, therefore, quite possible that, now the Rothermere press have thrown their weight into the fray, before long the party will number at least half a million.

Perplexity!

CONSERVATIVE Members of Parliament and the dear old *Morning Post* are in a state of awful perplexity! They are all terribly obsessed with the desire to be loyal to the Party, which means in other words the Conservative caucus whose obstinate dilatoriness for so many years in regard to the policy of Tariff Reform has only been equalled by their violent desire to attract votes by outbidding Socialism.

For the life of me I cannot see why this particular sort of loyalty should be encouraged, because if a number of people combine to form a party for the pursuit of certain objects — such as the strengthening of the Empire and imposing a Tariff—their leader should be loyal to those principles

Raphael

Miss V. L. Langton, daughter of Capt. S. J. Langton and Mrs. Langton, of Little Hadham Place, Herts, who is shortly marrying Mr. J. R. B. Robinson, of Campden Court Mansions. Miss Langton is a niece of Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page-Croft, Bt.

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Rosemary Baring, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, whose engagement to Mr. Dennis Stucley, eldest son of Sir Hugh and Lady Stucley, has been announced. Mr. Stucley is in the Grenadier Guards

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

On holiday in Egypt: Mr. and Mrs. Philip le Gris (left) and Mr. and Mrs. "Nick" Prinsep (right) outside the Semiramis Hotel, Cairo

Wide World

Princess Ileana of Roumania and Count Hochberg ski-ing at Predeal, Roumania. It is reported that their engagement has been broken off for State reasons, and that the Princess will be kept in ignorance of the fact until she reaches Egypt, where she is going with her mother, the Queen of Roumania

Raphael

A new portrait of Miss Christine Anderson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, of Bedford, who has just become engaged to Mr. Allen Sadlier Brereton, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. S. Brereton, of Hemel Hempstead

and conduct them along such lines. If he fails to do so, is not he the one who is disloyal to his followers?

What is Loyalty?

QUAINT ideas exist on this subject. For example, a few months ago we found Mr. Baldwin supporting the wild-cat schemes of Lord Irwin in regard to Dominion Home Rule for India, because, as he naïvely admitted, he wanted to be "loyal" to an old friend and colleague. Such loyalty may easily ruin the Empire, because if it ruins the Conservative Party the Empire *will* be ruined. Such notions of party "loyalty" do not trouble electors as a whole to-day, and that is the sum and substance of the matter. The voting balance of the electorate which decides the issue (I mean apart from the purely party men and women) vote for what they think will help them most. If they want Protection, as it seems they do, or Empire Free Trade they are not going to support Mr. Baldwin with a "Safety First" policy with a vague extension of Safeguarding.

In other words, boldness is essential to win. The Conservative Party has suffered for over twenty years because it has not been boldly led.

He Who Hesitates——

THE public are sick of this temporising and funk in regard to Tariffs, and the hesitating policy of Mr. Baldwin has forfeited the confidence of great numbers. The real weakness of the Conservative Leader is that he is in some respects petty-minded. He has shown curious resentment towards both Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook, and when the latter held out his right hand and offered to follow his leadership in every way if he would support Empire Free Trade Mr. Baldwin evaded the issue. In these days no party can succeed with a leader who fails to obtain the support of the great Press. The tactics of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere are not the "wrecking tactics" the *Morning Post* describes them as, for the truth of the matter is rather that the "wrecking tactics" are those of the Conservative Leader, who has failed to lead.

Weddings Shorn of Finery

THE expedient of the Register Office wedding grows almost a menace to the traditional picturesque ceremony, and one can quite understand the disappointment of the tenantry on Lady Seafield's estates in Morayshire at being deprived of the customary festivities upon her marriage to Mr. Studley Herbert. This, however, is now to be remedied, and they will have the satisfaction of seeing her in bridal finery and of enjoying a wedding reception on her return from her honeymoon. The Duke of Westminster, too, has seen to it that his tenants on the Grosvenor estate and cottagers on his

MUSIC AND A MARRIAGE BOUNTY

property in Cheshire and Flintshire will have great memories of his wedding day, even if its attendant ceremonies are necessarily informal, in the gift of a week's rent and the cancellation of all arrears. This only applies, of course, to poorer families, but I think it might well have included other tenants; even those occupying the gold and purple of Grosvenor House would not have been insensible of the same consideration. And the directors of the International Sportsmen's Club might have celebrated the occasion by granting a voucherless week for its members!

Popular Musical Parties

MUSICAL parties seem completely to have re-established their pre-War popularity in London. There have been the soirées musicales at Burlington House, with Mr. Anthony Bernard's excellent chamber orchestra playing old Italian music, and Baron Franckenstein gave a musical party at the Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square, when Princess Helena Victoria was the guest of honour.

Jolly Old Cairo

OUR correspondent in Cairo writes: If the truth must be told, the season here is an extremely bad one. The hotels are scarcely half-filled, and very little money is really being spent. The reasons for it are partly, no doubt, the general depression caused by the Wall Street smash, but also to a large extent a growing feeling among British people that the attitude of the Egyptians is not friendly and that to go to Egypt for the season and spend money among people whose main object appears to be to revile the "hand that giveth" is, perhaps, not too attractive a proposition.

An Attraction

OF course, if this new tomb near the Sphinx, supposed to have been that of High Priest Ra Ouer, turns out to be all that is claimed for it, it may lead to a large influx of visitors in the same way as when the tomb of Tutankhamen was discovered by Lord Carnarvon a few years ago. It is said that it contains many serdabs and a superb statue of Ra Ouer, as well as a commemorative stela and many treasures, not to forget necklaces, one of which is said to be composed of four thousand rubies mounted on a magnificent gold chain. I may be alone in scepticism, but I am rather inclined to doubt the genuineness of all these alleged discoveries; however, there is nothing like trying to find out; and thereby hangs a tale.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, whose father was the well-known Warwick. He is seen

L.N.A.

DEMOCRACY IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Our premier duke, the Duke of Norfolk, at a meet of the Cottesmore at Stoke Dry, near Uppingham, chatting to the Earl of Erne. The third very interested member of the party is not to be found in Debrett!

G. Watt Melrose

A FINE CATCH AT KELSO

Dr. Lewis Grant, of Liverpool, and his gillie, who last week hooked six large salmon, including the above, a 43-pounder, on Floors Water, Kelso

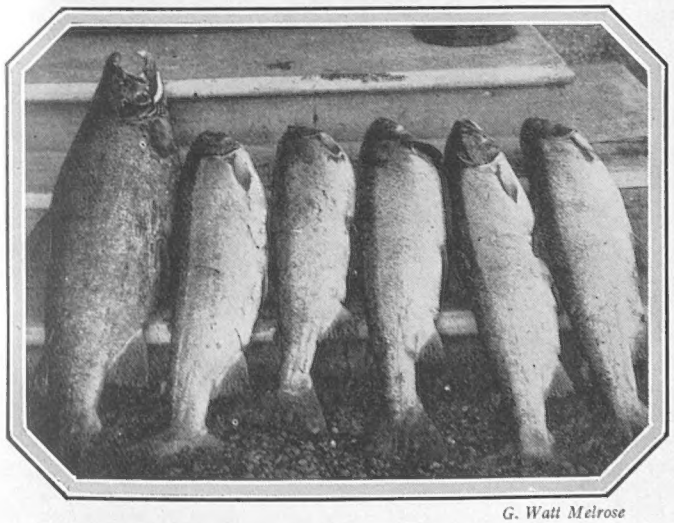
FURTHER DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT

Central Press

Master of the Warwickshire for many years, at a meet held at Snitterfield, near giving instructions to his huntsman and whippers-in

A Fracas

THE other day I went, with a friend and my dragoman, to the barbed wire entanglements, taking our cameras to see if we could obtain a glimpse and, if possible, a few snapshots of this much-advertised new tomb which is being excavated by a gentleman who calls himself Maitre Selim Hassan. In a weak moment we got inside the barbed wire entanglements, despite the agonised protests of our dragoman, and were arrested by shouts of a group of workers, while two men came running towards us, one being in European dress, who appeared to have been a sort of manager. Within a moment a most furious quarrel started, and the man struck my dragoman on the face. His plight, indeed, looked rather sorry until I rushed into the fray and pulled the angry archæologist away. Other men then attacked the dragoman, one having a long whip which, happily, he did not use, all this happening in a coup d'œil among these excitable natives. It transpired eventually that no one was allowed to take any photographs of the precious tomb without a Government permit. And this an ancient Egyptian tomb built by a race who had no more connection with the Kaffirs than with the present so-called natives who fancy they possess a kind of inherent right in archæological discoveries. It constitutes a sort of State monopoly; but loyal subjects of King George who go to Egypt and spend their money there are treated with very scant courtesy and, in fact, made to feel that they are really there on sufferance. Unless a new outlook occurs among the people to whom power has been given, I can foresee further disastrous seasons for hotel keepers and the whole population who live upon the tourists.



G. Watt Melrose

These six salmon, caught by Dr. Lewis Grant on Floors Water, weighed 120 lb.—a fine day's sport. Dr. Grant fished with a Golden Sprat fly, a bait that was obviously successful

Beauty Queens "Crowned"

WE have had some very hectic days at Cannes, writes our Riviera Correspondent, owing to the rival attractions of Beauty Queens, Regattas, and Battles of Flowers, and I hurried from one to another so quickly that now I have only the most amazingly confused

Lenare

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. DUDLEY COATS

The widow of Captain Dudley Coats, formerly Miss James, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Willie James. She is well known in the Shires as an intrepid rider to hounds and usually hunts with the Cottesmore

DENMARK THE BEAUTIFUL

medley of impression of the whole thing. Anyhow, we had a really wonderful gala at the Ambassadeurs for the "Queens," with very nearly eight hundred diners; everyone getting so excited over the judging that it was quite a relief when the jurymen (Sir John Lavery at their head, and Count Salm, M. André de Fouquienes, Sir Hugo de Bathe, Mr. Henry Russell, and Count Clemeanseau de Maine amongst them) had given their decision.

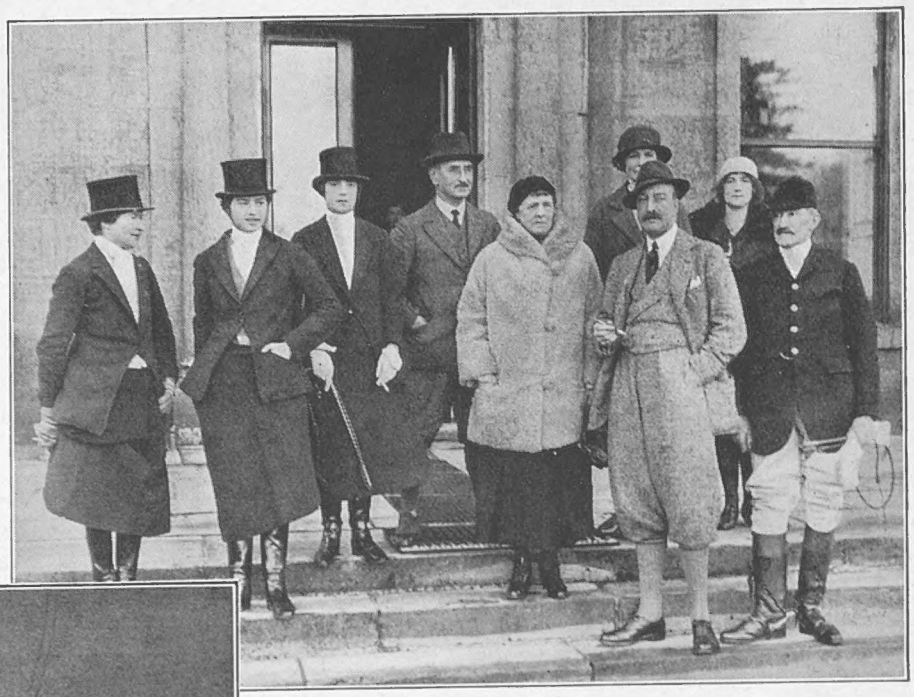
Royal Applause

EVERYONE seemed delighted when pretty Miss Denmark and Miss Italy carried off the prizes, and the King of Denmark, who was sitting with the Queen and their suite at a table close by the raised dancing floor, clapped heartily, and threw her some of the lovely flowers with which their table was decorated, as a mark of his appreciation. All the other girls looked lovely, particularly Miss Germany, and there was much applause for her every time she made the tour of the stage.

There was no room at all to dance, despite the enormous size of the restaurant, and after the judging was over we moved into the Baccarat Rooms, where I saw the ex-King of Portugal doing well at the big table, and some wonderful "banks" running at the smaller ones.

Royalty at Cannes

AMONGST the latest arrivals at Cannes are the Comtesse de Castris and family, who have taken the Villa des Anglais for the season; while the Grand Duchess Hélène, Princess Nicolas of Greece, Princess Elizabeth of Greece, and Princess Marina of Greece, are coming this week, and will occupy their usual suites of rooms at the Hôtel des Anglais.



Vyvyan Poole

IRELAND'S PREMIER PACK AT HEADFORT HOUSE

A group taken at Headfort House at a meet of the Meath Hounds. Above are seen Mrs. Baggallay (left), Lady Millicent Taylour, Miss Gretta Cameron, Major-General Sir William Hickie, Frances Marchioness Conyngham, the Marquess of Headfort and Capt. R. H. Fowler, M.F.H. At back: Mrs. Frank Farrell and Miss Sherlock

L.N.A.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, formerly Miss Loelia Ponsonby, seen on board the Duke's yacht, the Cutty Sark. This happy couple set a new example for Society Matrimony, as they kept the place of their wedding a dark secret, took ten minutes over the service, and after a brief reception disappeared in a motor boat down the Thames

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Of the horses previously mentioned here I have selected four that have appeared in public since being recommended.

They are Volta's Pride, Prince Cherry, Golden Ermine and Roi de Saba.

In each case I advise an increased stake whenever the horse is engaged. I have been asked to suggest a spring double for the Lincoln and National. I have coupled Easter Hero, the National favourite, with Vatout and Guards Parade.

RATHNALLY. The right money was down for him when he fell at the last jump at Windsor. Had previously run a good second to Peertoi at Sandown over hurdles. Looks good for a Maiden 'Chase before the season is much older.

WADI HALFA. A lot of money was lost over Mr. Ben Warner's horse at Newbury, where he never showed up at any part of the race. In his previous outing at Manchester he fell when looking all over a winner. I confidently predict his success in a Selling Hurdle race.

BRIMPS. Gave a very promising exhibition when running third to Royal Defence at Newbury, and was moreover well expected according to the liberal commission that was worked for him in the Ring. He is another one that should soon be winning a Maiden Steeplechase.

ZINITA. A very consistent four-year-old, who has run up against Frank Wootton's "hot 'uns" in last two outings. At Newbury he was backed down from 100 to 7, to 9 to 1, and finished third to Abdul. Previously was fourth to Loughbrown at Gatwick. Be on each way next time he runs.

SONG OF ESSEX. Was confidently backed to win the February Hurdle at Newbury, but met one too good in Ennis Bridge, and was beaten in a desperate finish by half a length. He had previously run well over this course when fourth to Burgee.

BILL SYKES. The supporters of this colt, who is by Captain Cuttle, were not afraid to put their money down to beat Puttacota at Hurst Park, where he was beaten by the latter, after a good race, by a length and a half. He had only been over hurdles on one other occasion, this was at Chelmsford in January, where he ran unplaced to Gugnac.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S BIG FIST

In view of American Naval Expenditure and threats the anxiety of Canada is discussed in this article

By "KIM"

THIS Naval Parity business is becoming hectic, and, as usual, those poor lambs, the Public, are being led away from the sea to blind pastures, and invited to browse in blissful ignorance of the slaughterers approaching them from behind, the while they wag their little tails in happy innocence of their danger.

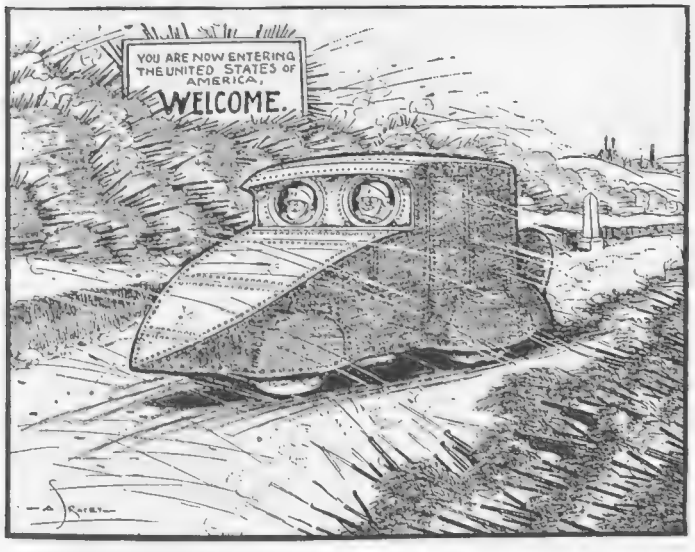
Mr. Sam Harris, President of the Navy League of Canada, who voices the views of Canada in the article below

THE American cartoonists are ridiculing "Old Man War" with all the fervour of new apostles, but, I suspect, more for foreign than for home consumption. Our Wonderful and Marv'lous Premier has made the gigantic discovery that if America filled the Atlantic with warships it would mean nothing to us unless some other nation started in to copy Uncle Sam! If that be true, why bother about a British Navy at all? Why not pay God's Own Country a few more millions a year on the top of our present huge tribute and ask them to rule the seas while we settle down to give anything left over for more Doles?

IT'S really bee-oo-tiful, this trust in Uncle Sam. And "Naval Parity" may mean such a lot, though perhaps some of us may be pardoned if we hand out a compliment to President Hoover and his lieutenants by saying that, judging from their political acumen and that of our so-called statesmen over many years, if anyone is likely to get the best of the deal it is not Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Alexander (the First Lord of the Admiralty), but Mr. Stimson and his team of astute business men and "bosses."

IT is unfortunate that this be-oo-tiful cousinly trust is not reciprocated in Canada. One feels that Canada ought to know something about the pacific policy of the United States, since she is her next-door neighbour, and their frontiers run parallel for nearly 4,000 miles. I regret, therefore, to say that Canada is showing a certain scepticism as represented through Mr. Sam Harris, the President of the Navy League of Canada, forwarded to me through the good offices of Sir Cyril Cobb, the Chairman of the Navy League in London. Mr. Sam Harris says at the outset that, although there is not an unfriendly gun or fort along the frontier, and that differences between the United States and Canada have been settled without recourse to arms, this has only been achieved at a tremendous loss and sacrifice by Canada and the loss of prestige to Britain.

MR. SAM HARRIS says that in 1775 Canada was invaded and forced to defend herself against the attacks of an American army. They failed to conquer Canada, but cost her a great sum in men and money without the slightest redress. Mr. Sam Harris says that when the Treaty of Peace between Britain and the revolting Colonists was signed in 1781 they bluffed the British into giving them 415,000 square miles of Canadian territory.



A CANADIAN VIEW OF THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN FRONTIER
A peep into the future given by the "Montreal Daily Star." A Canadian tourist crossing the border on a pleasure trip to the United States

Planet News
Mr. Henry Stimson, the American Secretary of State and Chief of the American Delegation at the Naval Conference. He and Mrs. Stimson are staying at Stanmore during the adjournment of the Conference

IN 1794 the Jay Treaty was signed, which provided, among other things, that British subjects should enter and leave the United States freely and at will. To-day (says Mr. Sam Harris) there is a head-tax on certain British subjects, entire exclusion of others, and an attempt at certain points (particularly at Detroit and Windsor) to prevent Canadians from enjoying their Treaty rights, although the Americans insist upon theirs. At the present moment President Hoover is said to be in favour of appointing an armed coastguard of 10,000 men—hence the cartoon in the *Montreal Daily Star*.

IN 1842, says Mr. Sam Harris, an agreement was come to whereby the United States grabbed about 7,000 miles of Canadian territory now included in the State of Maine, and this was obtained from falsified maps,

once again Britain being bluffed. That's nothing new! Anyone can bluff Britain's big politicians or cajole them. If new evidence is brought forward in law, a readjustment is entitled to be made, but though legally a great portion of Maine is Canadian territory, Uncle Sam shows no disposition to return it or offer compensation against the paralysing amounts he extracts from us for War Debts of his and our late Allies.

THEN Mr. Sam Harris mentions the Alaska Award of 1903. There was a serious dispute in 1895, and a Boundary Commission was appointed in 1903. This Commission of three Americans, two Canadians, and one Englishman, Lord Alverstone, gave the United States everything, not by justice but by bluffing and bullying the British representatives. The Roosevelt-Lodge Letters later published show that Roosevelt wrote to Senator Lodge that "in the event of a disagreement he would make it plain in a message to Congress that the whole territory in dispute is our own. That we occupy it. That we shall not surrender it or hereafter discuss its surrender." In other words, if the British Commissioners had not surrendered everything for peace the American nation were ready to go to war with Britain.

MARK that before we proceed! Our politicians *and our Press* are never tired of repeating the cliché that America and Great Britain could never possibly dream of going to war, and yet, if we had not abjectly surrendered over Alaska, Roosevelt, who was more friendly to this country than any other American President has been, would have sailed full-tilt into it. Let me add, to the credit of Canada, that her two Commissioners refused to sign the Alaska Award. Here, in modern life, was a repetition of Naboth's Vineyard, and we know what happened to him and, incidentally, to King Ahab subsequently.

TO proceed: International law recognises that the seas are free. From the spacious days of Elizabeth England has fought great battles for the freedom of the seas. Yet the United States Revenue cutters have fired on the British Flag on several occasions recently. They sank an unarmed ship, the I'm Alone, in the open sea 225 miles from their coast. In a rough sea they shot the lifeboats to fragments. They used hundreds of bullets trying to hit the petrol tanks, and when the ship sank they left the crew of I'm Alone to drown. The Union Jack, treated with insult, was cut to ribbons. This case has gone forward to arbitration, and, as Mr. Sam Harris says, let's hope it won't be like the Alaska Award.

NOW let's get down to brass tacks. Canada, who has good occasion to know the United States, through the President of the Canadian Navy League says this:

> "It would appear from the treatment of Canada and other smaller countries that the United States of America is the greatest bully among the nations, being, in their opinion, so strong that they may be unscrupulous, avaricious, and tyrannical.
>
> "The only thing between them and the security of the smaller nations is the British Navy, and they would so reduce it that they could be in a position to defy it, for they ask that the navies of the overseas possessions shall be part of the whole British Navy, so that if the United Kingdom adopts their plan the Navy of Britain must be inferior to that of the United States.
>
> "Parity means that they could concentrate around their own shores and easily protect them, at the same time send out strong forces as raiders on Britain's commerce. Canada would be cut off entirely from assisting Britain."

Lenare

THE FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

Admiral Sir Charles Madden. The Sea Lords have agreed to the Government's policy which has already led to the abandonment of four cruisers, and the country is anxiously waiting to learn what is the real idea of "Parity," which may affect the safety of the Empire

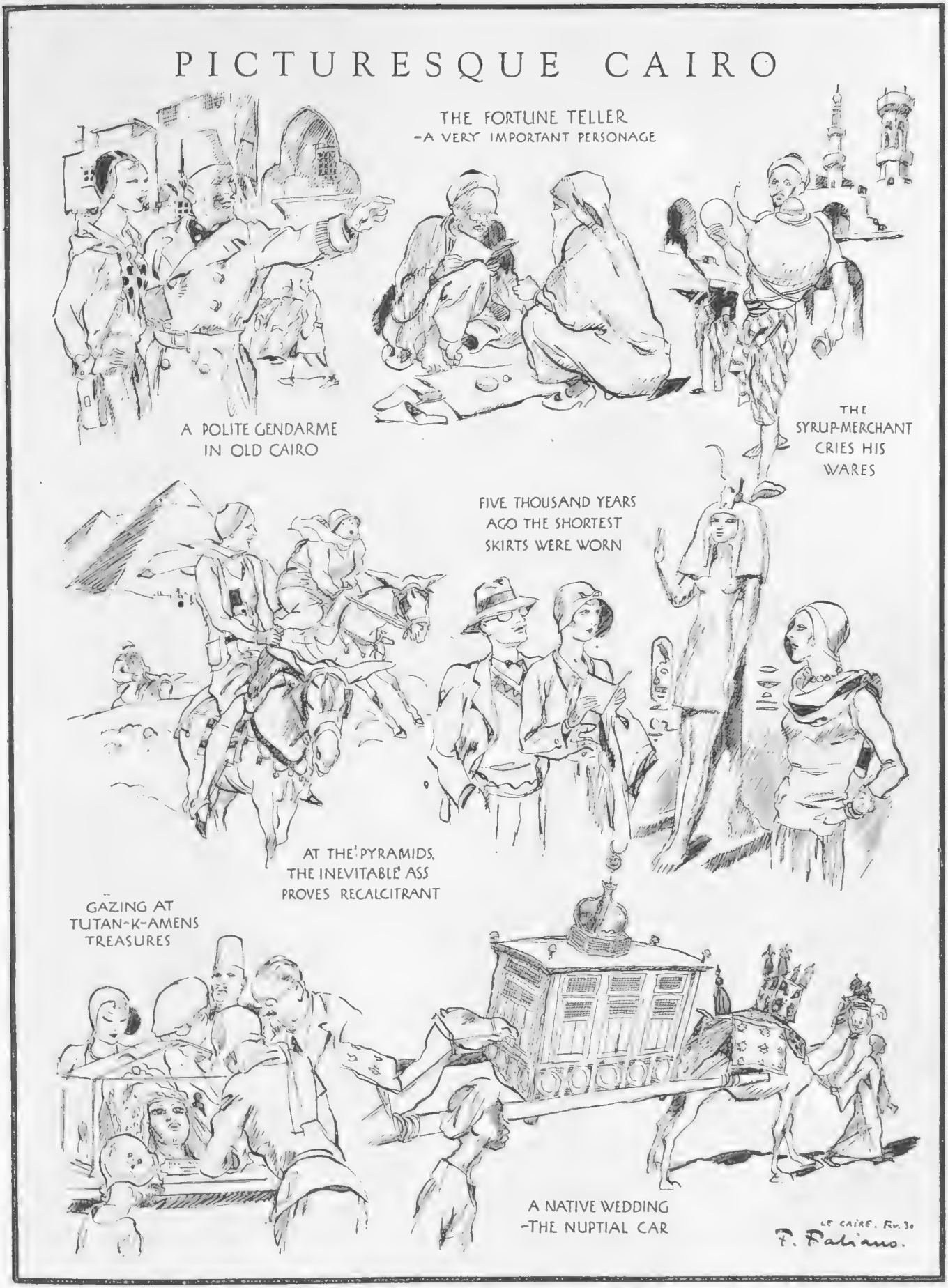
THAT'S a pleasant outlook! It is Mr. Sam Harris's picture, remember, not mine, and he represents Canada's Navy League. I would like to think that American warships existed for the peace of the world, as says Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but one must not forget how cruelly Uncle Sam has treated small nations. When Mr. Kellogg, in 1928, was passionately adjuring the world to join in a pact to outlaw war, in Nicaragua American marines were bombing and killing the natives and were busy oppressing the people of Haiti. Even a Yankee cartoon represented Uncle Sam as giving one arm to a pained female labelled "Kellogg Peace Pact" and the other to a cut-throat, villainous-looking marine, armed with a murderous club, labelled "Cruiser Bill."

AND so . . . and so . . . President Hoover has bluntly threatened the world (that is, us) that if the Naval Conference fails to achieve "Parity"—the American version thereof—Congress will be asked to vote an additional expenditure of no less than 1,200 million dollars, or nearly 250 million pounds sterling, *on new naval construction alone*. The U.S. are spending this year 736 millions on its armed forces, nearly three times what they spent in 1914. Britain has little more than half the flotilla leaders and destroyers of the Americans, and far less than half as many submarines. They carry far more heavy guns than we, and their navy comprises 14,000 trained men more than the British Navy, not counting a powerful coastguard service with over 12,000 officers and men and fighting ships.

LET us be guarded. Do not let the Socialists sell our national safety for a threat. If we cannot obtain a parity with the U.S. which guarantees our safety and that of our Overseas Empire it will be far better to refuse to sign any pact at all. Britain, as a European Power, must ally herself with France, Italy, and possibly Germany against the intolerant tyranny of the United States, and renew her alliance with Japan, who fears Uncle Sam not without cause—an alliance broken by the fatuous Lord Lansdowne at the request of Washington.

WE must never be cowed by President Hoover's Big Fist. For the United States' record vis-à-vis Britain is at heart unfriendly as it has always been. Preserve our safety by alliances, especially with Japan, who was always a loyal friend, and the menace, worse than that of Germany in 1914, will collapse. Surrender now means a situation in a few years we dare scarcely contemplate.

KIM.



Sketches in and about Cairo to-day, by F. Fabiano, our Artist-Correspondent on the spot. The Season this year, owing to political uncertainty, is suffering from a dearth of visitors

AT THE PLAY

MEXICAN MELODY and ALDWYCH FARCE

Sketches of "Silver Wings," at the Dominion Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

"SILVER WINGS," AT THE DOMINION THEATRE

Trousered heroine and breeched bandit. Inez (Désirée Ellinger) defies Pablo Santos (Harry Welchman) with a bottle with much spirit

"Silver Wings," at the Dominion Theatre

To be quite frank, I have seen many musical comedies which have bored me to extinction—especially those labelled "romantic." This description is given to *Silver Wings* at the Dominion Theatre, but it—or they—did not bore me in the least. I thoroughly enjoyed what was a very long first night.

I CANNOT say that I was much impressed by the story, which has been taken from a play called *The Broken Wing* and, most probably, much altered. But the authors of this musical comedy, Dion Titheradge and Douglas Furber, have successfully used it as a peg on which to hang some most attractive trimmings, and, what is more, these trimmings are admirably suited to the vast auditorium of the Dominion Theatre, where broad effects are essential if a musical comedy is to be successfully "put across." The reason why *Follow Through* was but a qualified success at this theatre was because it was not particularly spectacular, and but a poor specimen of musical comedy into the bargain.

"OUTSIDE a Hangar," in which a real aeroplane is on view—and started—and a rousing chorus indulged in, at once set the audience in great good humour, and what follows is equally to its taste. The big scene of the play is the final of the first act, when the aeroplane having flown the Atlantic crashes through the walls of a Mexican house—a stage effect which rivals the cinema in actuality. That is sensation, while for beauty we have to wait till Act III for a mass-production dance of the chorus dressed in feathers ranging from deep wine colour to purest white—a really fine effect.

THE romantic parts are in the hands of Harry Welchman, a most melodious and dashing Mexican bandit, Désirée Ellinger, who sings charmingly, and Donald Mather, who also sings well and acts—thank goodness—in manly fashion. Most of the fun is provided by Emma Haig and Lupino Lane, a diminutive pair, both little and good.

The authors have been kind to them in providing the right material, and they have been kind to the authors in every material way. The music, by Jack Waller and Joseph Tunbridge—some of which is pleasantly reminiscent—has plenty of go in it, as has the big chorus, trained to the minute by William Mollison and Ralph Reader. Even in so big a theatre as the Dominion *Silver Wings* should run for months, and I shall be very surprised if it does not.

"Devonshire Cream," at the Playhouse

THE playgoing world seems to be divided into two camps—those who appreciate the comedies of Mr. Eden Phillpotts and those who do not. The former must be in the great majority, as witness the lengthy runs of *The Farmer's Wife* and *Yellow Sands*.

To these his latest play, *Devonshire Cream*, at the Playhouse, can be cordially recommended, for it is "the mixture as before," with plenty of sugar sprinkled over the cream. His stage concoctions of country life may make realists feel extremely bilious, but there is such a large public possessing a dramatic sweet tooth that it is quite possible that *Devonshire Cream* may be dexterously ladled out by Horace Hodges, H. O. Nicholson, Sam Livesey, Mary Jerrold, and Phyllis Shand for quite a long time.

Three of the fun-makers in "Silver Wings." Jerry Wint... Gross (Er...

By Vernon Woodhouse

"A Night Like This," at the Aldwych Theatre

THE Aldwych Theatre management has been one of the most successful in recent days, and this is due to the fact that a policy having been decided upon it has been stuck to. For years past theatre-goers have associated the Aldwych with laughter, for farce after farce has been presented there, and nearly all of them were excellent specimens of their kind.

THEATRE-GOERS, being thus fully prepared, go to the Aldwych in the full expectation of being amused, and, in consequence, they are, from the very start, on the look-out for jokes and fun and do not require "warming up." A great asset! Also at the Aldwych there is almost a stock company, the members of which are very popular. Everybody knows what particular brand of humour they will distil, and no one is disappointed when "no change" is obvious. Contrariwise.

THUS the new farce, *A Night Like This*, which is written by an almost stock author, Ben Travers, started with everything in its favour. A popular theatre, a popular author, a popular company, and an audience prepared to laugh; and the first-night audience *did* laugh, of that there can be no mistake; but I have heard much louder laughter on previous first nights here, and for this I think both author and some of the artists must share the blame.

OUR Mr. Ben Travers has this time not been too happy either in his plot, the working out of it, or in the writing of the dialogue. The story is complicated, dealing as it does with a set of crooks of extreme versatility, for hardly anything comes amiss to them. Running a gambling hell, motor-car stealing and blackmail are all in the day's work. Needless to add that Ralph Lynn—what the character is called really does not matter, for he is just Ralph Lynn—all unwittingly gets involved, and that in defeating their nefarious scheme he is aided and abetted by Tom Walls—this time a policeman with a rich and fruity Irish accent.

The airman who lost his memory. Philip Marvin (Donald Mather) parted from Inez (Désirée Ellinger) by Pablo Santos (Harry Welchman), who claims to have a previous lien on the lady

UNFORTUNATELY, in the working out of the plot some of the most amusing scenes have but little to do with the story. For instance, the end of the second act shows us J. Robertson Hare, the embodiment of smug suburbanism, running about the stage without trousers, to the horror of Mary Brough; but this scene is not vital to the plot any more than is the start of the third act, when a pantomimic performance in which an old horse cab looms through the fog is the principal feature.

THE farce itself must stand or fall on its merits, but I think that the performance could be improved. The speed set at the start was far too slow; in fact, it was almost funereal, and, later on, when crispness of playing was essential, there were painful pauses when one of the company not mentioned on the programme—who should neither be seen nor heard—was kept hard at it prompting in tones which *ought* to have been heard by Ralph Lynn, so easily were they distinguished by those in the house!

MARY BROUGH was as incisive as ever in a rather poor part; Ethel Coleridge was wasted in an even worse one; Kenneth Kove was once again the acme of quiet imbecility; while Tom Walls, who *has* a good part, will be more effective when he quickens his pace. At the moment he rather resembles a policeman on his beat. V. W.

(Lupino Lane) lends support to Basilio (John Kirby), with Sadie Haig) on tap

Jerry Wimpole (Lupino Lane) in a moment of temporary aberration, under the impression that he has to spin yarns and rope à la Tex McLeod

GUINEAS FOR "STARS"

W. Dennis Moss

A group taken at the annual ball of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, 21st Armoured Car Company, Bristol Squadron. Held at the Victoria Rooms, Bristol. this event was, as usual, a marked success

Central Press

Top picture : Some of the participants in the recent Ice Carnival at Wengen. This event, which takes place on the illuminated rink, always attracts a large number of skaters

Ian Smith

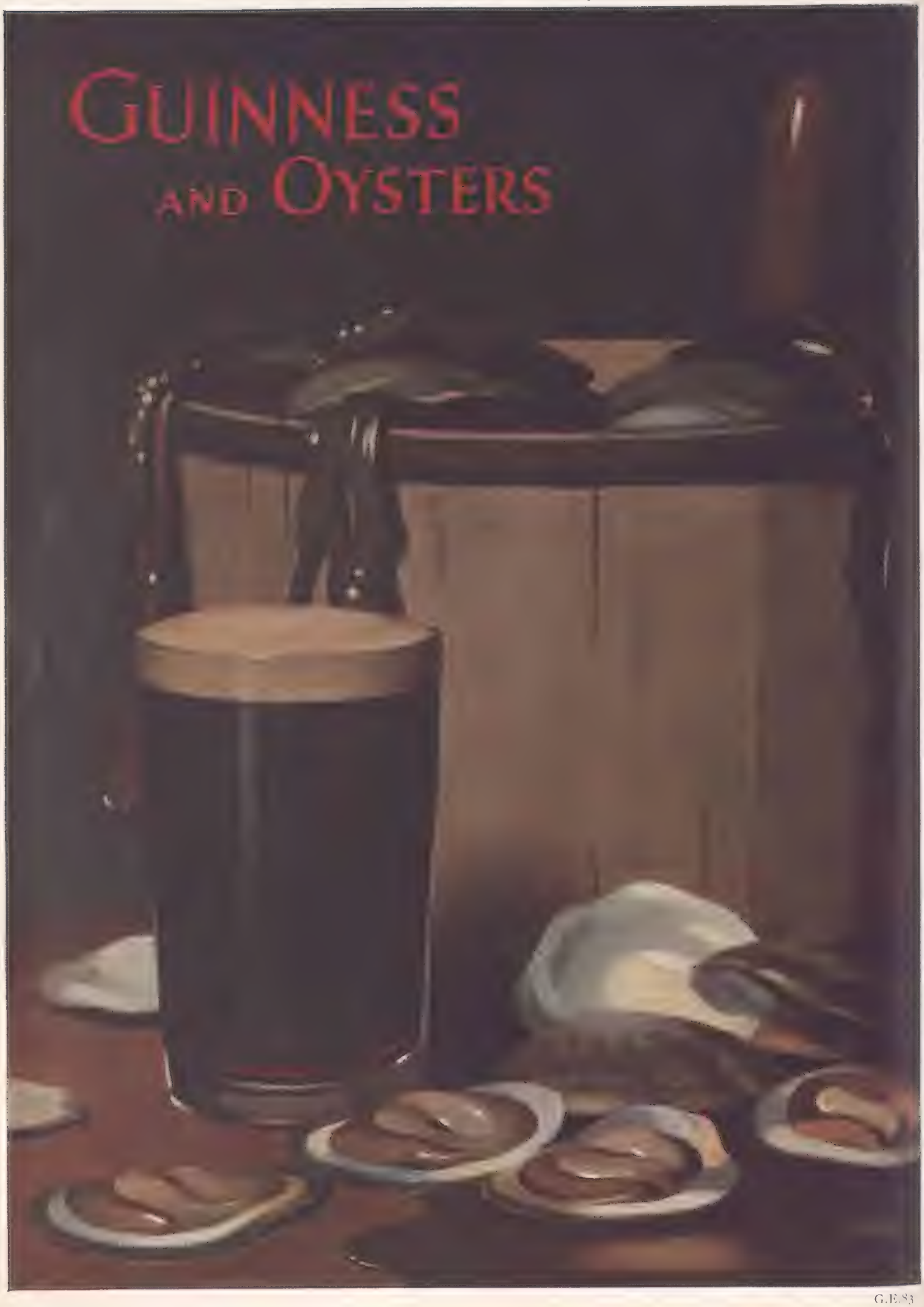
An effective Egyptian group seen at the Overseas League Ball held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. Many well-known people were among the guests

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

L.N.A.

The finale of the Guy's Hospital Doctors' play, "Repeat the Mixture." This annual event is always a popular entertainment, especially as the women's parts are taken by male doctors. The figure on the stool in the centre of the stage represents Thomas Guy, a bookseller, who founded the hospital in 1721

FINE FEATHERS



G.E.83

FILM NOTES

ALDWYCH SUCCESS SCREENED

A CHEVALIER TRIUMPH

By Lionel Collier

Winifred Shotter objects! A scene in "Rookery Nook," the all-talking film version of the famous comedy with the original stage cast, now at the New Gallery

An amusing scene in which Griffiths Humphreys is having a very bad time in "Rookery Nook," a British and Dominions Film Corporation picture, with the original stage cast, now showing at the New Gallery

IT has always been my contention that to transfer a facsimile of a stage play to the screen is a mistake. Not only is it a mistake, but it is bad art—if you will allow that there is an art of the camera. It makes no difference whether the picture is a synchronised or a silent one; there is an immediate limitation of scope and a consequent lack of interest and a sense of the artificial.

THERE is, however, an amendment which must be made to the dogmatic insistence on this point. It applies to talkies, and it can be said without weakening the general rule. In fact, it is an exception that may very well prove it. If the book of a play is witty enough or dramatic enough in itself, then a photographic replica of it will suffice. This is not to say that it could not be improved by a definitely cinematic treatment. I have brought up this point because I have just seen "Rookery Nook," Tom Walls' first essay in screen work, which is now showing at the New Gallery. It is in effect a photographed version of the Aldwych farce, although some added exteriors help to get away from the idea of stage restriction.

WELL, it is extremely funny. The dialogue is bright and pointed, and all the stage artists who appear in it show up remarkably well in this new medium. This is lucky, because it is not by any means every stage star who can prove successful in front of the camera and the microphone.

BEN TRAVERS' farce is too well known for me to go into the story details, which are really nothing remarkable in themselves. The old misunderstandings about a girl who seeks refuge in a newly wedded man's country home are, however, presented in a new guise and are rendered thoroughly amusing, not only by the brightness of the dialogue, but by the interpretation of the characters by the artists concerned.

RALPH LYNN, for instance, records remarkably well and shows no sign of camera consciousness, although I believe this is the first picture he has ever made. Winifred Shotter and Tom Walls, too, are in excellent form, while that old favourite of both stage

Dixie Lee in "Happy Days," a new Fox film at the Tivoli

"This is the first time I have dined alone with a man" is the naive confession of Jeanette MacDonald as the Queen in "The Love Parade," but she looks quite happy with Maurice Chevalier as Count Alfred, who sings a little song, "Anything to Please the Queen"

and screen, Mary Brough, gives us another chance to tell her how good she is. If she had been in America I do not think that they would have left her much time to do anything but work for the films.

RATHER an interesting point about the picture is that one of the biggest laughs is raised by Ralph Lynn in a piece of silent pantomiming. He is trying to get himself comfortable on a couch at night, having given his bedroom to the young lady who has come to him for refuge from her irate German stepfather. It is interesting because it shows how amusing silence can be, a thing people are apt to forget now that the talkies have become overwhelmingly victorious. Now that they can talk they do not let you forget the fact even at the expense of pictorial construction. "Rookery Nook" is a credit to British talent, and certainly Tom Walls deserves every congratulation for his first attempt at directing. It is quite one of the most amusing entertainments the talkies have yet given us.

IT was with a sense that I should see something epoch-making in the talkie line that I went to see "The Love Parade" at the Carlton, and the disappointment I felt when I found that it was not, helped to spoil my enjoyment of its excellent qualities. "The Love Parade" is Maurice Chevalier. His magnetic and wholly dominating personality pervades the picture, and when he is on there is nothing to worry about. For him alone the production is well worth seeing.

BUT one expected something more from Ernst Lubitsch, the producer of such film masterpieces as "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Student Prince," one of the world's most subtle and clever directors. I feel that Hollywood, with its new voice, has proved too much for him, and his own personality in the background has been submerged by the exuberant bonhomie of Maurice Chevalier. The story is of the musical comedy order, dealing with a Ruritanian queen who marries her somewhat licentious Paris ambassador. She tries to dominate him, but he revolts and eventually becomes king rather than prince consort. There is more than a touch of satire, but it is lost in the musical comedy spirit of the thing. The queen, played by Jeanette MacDonald, is the most American queen I have seen. I like to think that Lubitsch is being satirical in this, too, but I doubt it. Lubitsch's settings are extremely good, and there is some clever camera work and detail touches. None of it, however, approaches the finesse he showed in the silent pictures I referred to above.

IN his inimitable way Maurice Chevalier renders several songs, all, unfortunately, American; none of those delightfully catchy and tantalising little French airs with which he has made his name. Lupino Lane appears in this picture, too, but his part is restricted. In fact, everything is subordinated to the star, and while one can admire him and be entertained by him, one could wish that the direction had had the most say. If Lubitsch is going to make a milestone in the road of sound picture development he will have to try again. A lesser man might well be content with "The Love Parade," for there is plenty to entertain, but I hope not Lubitsch. L. C.

Jeanette MacDonald as the Queen of Sylvania marries the dashing Count Alfred of many love affairs in "The Love Parade," the Paramount picture which is attracting large crowds to the Carlton

NOAH'S ARK having made a hit in the silent drama, the Tower of Babel ought to be great for the talkies.

SAMSON slew thousands with the jawbone of an ass; which is probably the first invention of the talkie.

BY STARR WOOD

"I don't seem to know you. Does your father work on my estate?"
"Yes, sir"
"And what does he do?"
"Poaches, sir"

if & Ds

Paul Wood and Violet Maxon, the equilibrists, who, after a Continental tour, are newcomers to "Down with Dora," at the Trocadero. Unlike most of us in these hard times, they are always able to "preserve their balance"

"BUY British," is what I believe is known as a slogan. The word is of recent general use, but of considerable antiquity, for it was the name for the war-cry of the old Highland clans. Until recently I knew very little about the word, though I once knew an actor called S. Logan.

It is beloved of Socialists and Communists at election times, and is used much in America by swarthy New York and Chicago politicians whose connection with the Highland clans is distinctly remote. But 'twill serve for any purpose, and there are worse purposes in life than the buying of British goods, as that very good fellow, Mr. Jimmy Thomas, will tell you. But it isn't such an easy business as it seems.

BY A. R. CANE

"When I came into the room last night, did I hear someone say to you is that the beautiful Miss Blanc?"

"Yes, dear, with the accent on the *that!*"

LEAGUES, for example, have to be formed in order to assist people to "Buy British." This proves that there is a difficulty. You don't, for instance, have to form a league to induce people to buy Scotch, though all sorts of interfering pests form leagues to prevent them doing so. There are no leagues to protect and assist the smokers of cigarettes; the wearers of collars and ties, or the users of soap. Yet it should be just as natural for us to support home industries as to do any of these things. I therefore found it rather pathetic at the Savoy the other day to be confronted with a menu card on which was printed, "The National Roll of Buyers of British Goods." The menu itself was uncompromisingly British. Even the rolls were National rolls.

THAT menu is worth noting. The "hors d'œuvres" were called "relishes"—which, I suppose, is as good a translation as any (one couldn't very well call them "Out-of-works"). Then we had Rolled up Dover Sole, Roast Dorset Lamb (called "lamb" and not agneau or pauillac), Braised Seakale, and Lincoln Mealy Potatoes—the printer having, by the exercise of great forbearance, refrained from prefixing the word "Abraham."

THE wines were Empire wines. Now a great

In "Michael and Mary," David (Frank Lawton) and Romo (Elizabeth Allan), who follow fashion by contracting a sudden marriage

"Michael and Mary," at the St. James's Theatre, is a big dramatic moment in the play when Michael (Herbert Marshall) husband (D. J. Clarke-Smith) to

sip we must

deal of snobbery exists about Empire wines, and a great deal of nonsense is talked about their being unfit for the refined palates of those who will swallow any mixture of ink and permanganate of potash so long as it has Medoc or St. Estephe on the label. I would like to bandage the eyes of an expert — an honest one—and when he had drunk half a glass of South African Stellen Hermitage (a red wine), ask his verdict. As for the South African liqueur, Van der Hum, in my van der Hum-ble opinion it is exquisite, even if the name does sound Dutch.

By D. Hebden

She: "And will you love me as much as this when we are married?"
He: "Can you doubt me, baby? You know I always love married women most"

Stage Photo Co.

success, thanks to fine acting by the principals. Here is a inadvertently kills his "wife's" real—and blackmailing—the horror of Mary (Edna Best)

How terrible it is that important business organisations brought together by the genial Mr. Noel Hammersley and his friends should find it necessary to band together to *implore* people to buy British goods! Yet it is not the fault of a deaf and unpatriotic public. Most of us want to buy British, but are prevented from doing so because it is not natural or even possible to carry patriotism to the extent of consistently paying more for goods just because they are our own production. The serious fact to be faced is that British goods cannot hold their own without a tariff. Until a tariff is imposed to protect the home article, the foreigner will dump his stuff on us at a lower price until all is blue, just as through the accommodation of the present Government the Russian can dump his propaganda on us until all is red.

Sasha

Frances Day, the American musical comedy actress, appearing in the Hotel Splendide cabaret in a costume scarcely designed for cold weather

HIS KINGDOM

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling's "His Kingdom.")

The action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in refusing to offer the smallest hint to different branches of British Industry as to his Budget taxations has caused widespread worry and consternation.

Now he is come to his Kingdom
And his word is thus and thus,
Our traders wait at his office gate—
Little it profit us—
Now he is come to his Kingdom!

Now he is come to his Kingdom
Stern silence is his by right,
And a word of cheer would be held too dear
Though it helped us in our plight,
Now he is come to his Kingdom!

Now he is come to his Kingdom
He can't give a hint that's plain;
Though he'll hear the plea of Industry,
Alas, it must plead in vain,
Now that he's come to his Kingdom!

Now that he's come to his Kingdom
It's all too plain and clear
That Philip cannot give a fillip
Our downtrodden trade to cheer.
The weight of office o'erpowers
The helping hand that by right is ours,
Now he is come to his Kingdom! B. W.

Take one instance—matches. For some insane reason I fell a few months ago to collecting boxes of safety

TAXIS AND THEIR TRIALS

By Treyer Evans

Teacher: "Now, what can you tell me of the Prince Consort?"
Pupil: "Please, teacher, he posed for the Albert Memorial"

matches. I have now some hundreds of them, all different. At least 90 per cent. are foreign, though all have been bought in this country. Those with the most British titles are nearly all of them foreign. Printed on them, in tiny letters, you will find "Made in Finland," "Made in Sweden," "Made in Belgium," "Made in Japan," "Made in Esthonia," and—most frequent of all—"Made in Russia U.S.S.R." There are excellent British matches—the familiar Bryant and May's, and others from a first-rate firm in Gloucester. But the foreign matches, far inferior, are usually half the price. I should like to have a coloured photograph taken of this collection, and to show it to Lord Beaverbrook. He would find it useful ammunition for his splendid Empire Crusade.

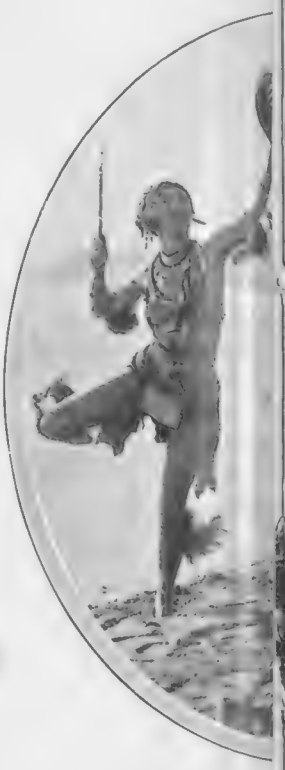
Lorette, Paris

Concertina Costumes in Cabaret. Two of Lysana's Dancers who appeared at the May Fair Hotel last Monday for two weeks, after which they will be seen at the Café de Paris

WHY nearly everything in Free Trade England is dearer than it is on the Continent I leave our political and economic mandarins to explain if they can, trusting only that Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Crusade will put things right, as I truly believe it will.

But until the taxi becomes the democratic vehicle that it is in Paris, cab fares will not become cheaper and taxi-drivers will complain of bad times and taxi-users will always complain of extortion. Not that taxi-drivers (whom I find, on the whole, a very decent and civil set of men, with certain vile exceptions) are deliberately extortionate. It is the system that makes them so. To have no tips at all, and a fair amount registered on the clock, would be ideal. It is an unattainable ideal, for people will always tip, and in such circumstances the public will never stand together. But the tip of a shilling on the top of a shilling or eighteenpenny fare, which is now received by a driver as a matter of course, is quite ludicrous.

THE curious thing is that a tipless bus conductor is often far more polite than a be-tipped taximan. He always says "Thank you" when you give him the legal penny. Try giving a taximan the legal shilling and see what happens. Any tip less than sixpence makes the taxi-driver freezingly sarcastic, and he has been known to hand back threepence with some such remark as "Save this for the church collection on Sunday!" For there *are* people who offer threepenny tips. Usually they are women. No man has the courage.



FUN ON THE
Bobby Sielle and Annette to Europe, practising the on the plage

THE club for the "New Poor" is to be opened shortly, with premises in Bruton Mews (those which used to be occupied by the Florida). It will, I understand, be cheap but very select, with food that is good without being too elaborate, a bar with an old-fashioned barmaid in charge, and *tenüe de soirée pas obligatoire*. The brother of a peer of ancient lineage is to be the head-waiter, and, like Pooh-Bah, will accept insults provided they are big ones. I shall be interested to study the short and simple annals of the "New Poor."

A LIST OF RESTAURANTS

EVERYBODY "MOOCHIS"—OR WILL!

So say Bobby Sielle and Annette Mills, who are seen giving a demonstration of the Zulu "Moochi" on the beach at Cannes, in the proper regalia for the occasion. The ball-room version is alleged to be the new dance craze, having started at the Ambassadeurs at Cannes

SANDS AT CANNES

Mills, who brought the Charleston "Moochi" in native African costume at Cannes

Do you want to stop up late? If you do, study the following and paste it in the family album. It is a list of clubs and restaurants, with the nights on which, by a special dispensation, there is an "extension."

WEDNESDAY.

Berkeley Hotel, Café Anglais, Café de Paris, Ciro's, Hôtel Splendide, Kettner's, May Fair, Quaglino.

THURSDAY.

Ambassadors, Carlton, Claridge's, Embassy, Grosvenor House, Piccadilly Hotel, Kit-Cat, Savoy, Sovrani's, Taglioni.

On Tuesday and Friday the choice is limited—only the Hungarian "extends" itself in the former and the Trocadero Grillroom in the latter. What is keeping me awake at nights with worry is where can I manage to stay out of bed fabulously late to the strains of a jazz band on Mondays? They *used* to call it "Black Monday." . . .

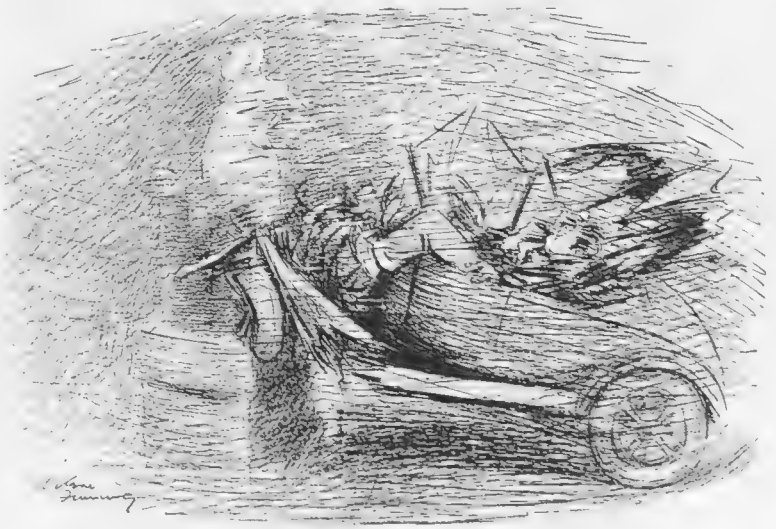
Two things I admire about musical people—their appetite for Wagner and their appetite for cake. I find both indigestible when taken in large quantities, especially the cake. At present there is distinctly a Wagner boom, and most of the big orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall are devoted exclusively to the works of this great composer, whose son, by the way, was in London the other day. Siegfried Wagner, whom I have met several times, is about one-twentieth part the musician his father was, and, as a man, is at least forty times nicer. He is all kindness and geniality and sense of humour (Richard Wagner had none), and he has a delightful, and very pretty, English wife, who is quite as clever.

But to return to the Queen's Hall. It is the oratorio audiences who in every sense take the cake. Orchestral audiences drink more; oratorio audiences eat more. People who turn up for Wagner, for a Schnabel concert, for any excerpts from the Russian Ballet, or for anything written by Constant Lambert or William Walton, or more or less sponsored by the Sitwells (the two wiseacres and their sister), are clad in evening dress, can and do buy whiskies and sodas and liqueurs in the interval, and never feed, having, I suppose, come along from a sufficient dinner.

But the patrons of anything with a large chorus in it—Elgar's "The Apostles" the other night, for instance—come in day clothes and, apparently, a state of semi-starvation. They steer clear, for the most part, of alcohol, but wolf buns and cakes and sandwiches, and gulp coffee, which they either obtain, after much spilling and apology, from the bar, or produce from Thermos flasks.

I am no morbid disciple of what is chic, and would eat a banana in Bond Street at mid-day if I felt like it. But never yet have I listened to music with the aid of a Thermos flask.

A suggestion for Mr. Heath Robinson. The man who went into the Embassy Club and asked Luigi for two poached eggs and a cup of cocoa, and to look sharp about it as he'd got a train to catch.



By Wilson Fenning

Motorist (*somewhat dazed and also in a fog*): "By Jove! Pedestrians are getting tougher!"

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MISS CLEMENCE DANE CRITICISES

"Kristin Lavransdatter"

By Sigrid Undset (Knopf: 8s. 6d.)

Sigrid Undset, whose historical novel, "Kristin Lavransdatter," is reviewed on this page as the book of the month

THERE are two sorts of historical novels. There is the novel of contemporary life which later generations find a gold mine of authentic information about the customs, habits, thoughts and feelings of a civilisation long since vanished out of memory. In this group one places such books as *The Golden Ass, The Canterbury Pilgrims, The Pilgrim's Progress, Clarissa Harlowe, Tom Jones, Persuasion, Vanity Fair,* The Barchester Novels, *The Egoist,* or *Mr. Polly.* Such books endure as literature because they are written by masters, but they interest the student of history because they are actually "drawn from life," and are not merely imaginatively true.

YET, oddly enough, when we talk of "historical novels" we do not generally mean novels of this type. We mean novels that are imaginative reconstructions rather than actual records. For us the great historical novels are such books as De Coster's *Ulenspiegel,* Thackeray's *Henry Esmond,* some of the Waverley novels, *Salammbo* or *Notre Dame de Paris*—marvellous pictures of periods that the writer has dreamed, but never known.

THIS month's new books have added two volumes of extreme importance to either shelf. Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* must be grouped, I suppose, with novels of contemporary life, for, though his absorbing story of the decay of a family is really a portrait of German civilisation between the 'thirties and the 'eighties of the last century, the novel was published in nineteen hundred and two, and the writer is describing a period whose end he actually remembers.

BUT Sigrid Undset's huge historical novel belongs to the second group. *Buddenbrooks* may be compared with contemporary novels, such as *The Old Wives' Tale, The Forsyte Saga, Tents of Israel;* or *The Duchess of Wrexe,* but the only English historical novel with which *Kristin Lavransdatter* can properly be compared is our immortal *Cloister and the Hearth.* Charles Reade's masterpiece is not merely a story of individual pain and passion: it is also a marvellous portrait of life in the Middle Ages in the heart of Europe. Sigrid Undset, who writes of human lives and destinies with much the same mastery and imagination, gives us a picture of life in mediæval Scandinavia. She tells us the story of Kristin, daughter of Lavran, a rich farmer-nobleman who, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, lived on his estate in Norway, near the coast.

WE are shown the country, the family, the friends, the customs of the land; indeed, throughout the whole seventy years of the heroine's life she passes, and we pass with her, through scenes described with such detail that it is hardly believable that the book is written by anyone who has not actually lived the life. The century unrolls before us much as the landscape unrolls in Parsifal's journey.

BUT the book would not be the great book it is if it depended for its effect solely on its vivid portrayal of the paraphernalia of a life four hundred years dust. As with *The Cloister and the Hearth,* the book leaps to such amazing life because it is the mere setting for a tale of passions which are the same in every race and every century.

KRISTIN and Erland are a northern Romeo and Juliet. Kristin, "not so happy and yet much happier" than Juliet, is, like her, gentle, quiet and loving, yet obstinate and strong. She sacrifices honour, affection, reputation, and betrothal vows in order to get her own way, and at last breaks down all opposition and does get her own way, for her unwilling parents are no Capulets. So she is married at last to the well-meaning, unreliable, ardent lover, and they go off together to his home at Husaby.

Thus ends the first part of the novel called *The Garland.*

THE second part is called *The Mistress of Husaby,* and in it we are shown how fully Kristin pays for getting her own way. We see her married, and a mother, sometimes happy, more often unhappy, always repeating the sins of her youth, and because of her remorse dealing hardly with her unstable husband; worshipping her children, yet never completely in possession of their love and trust.

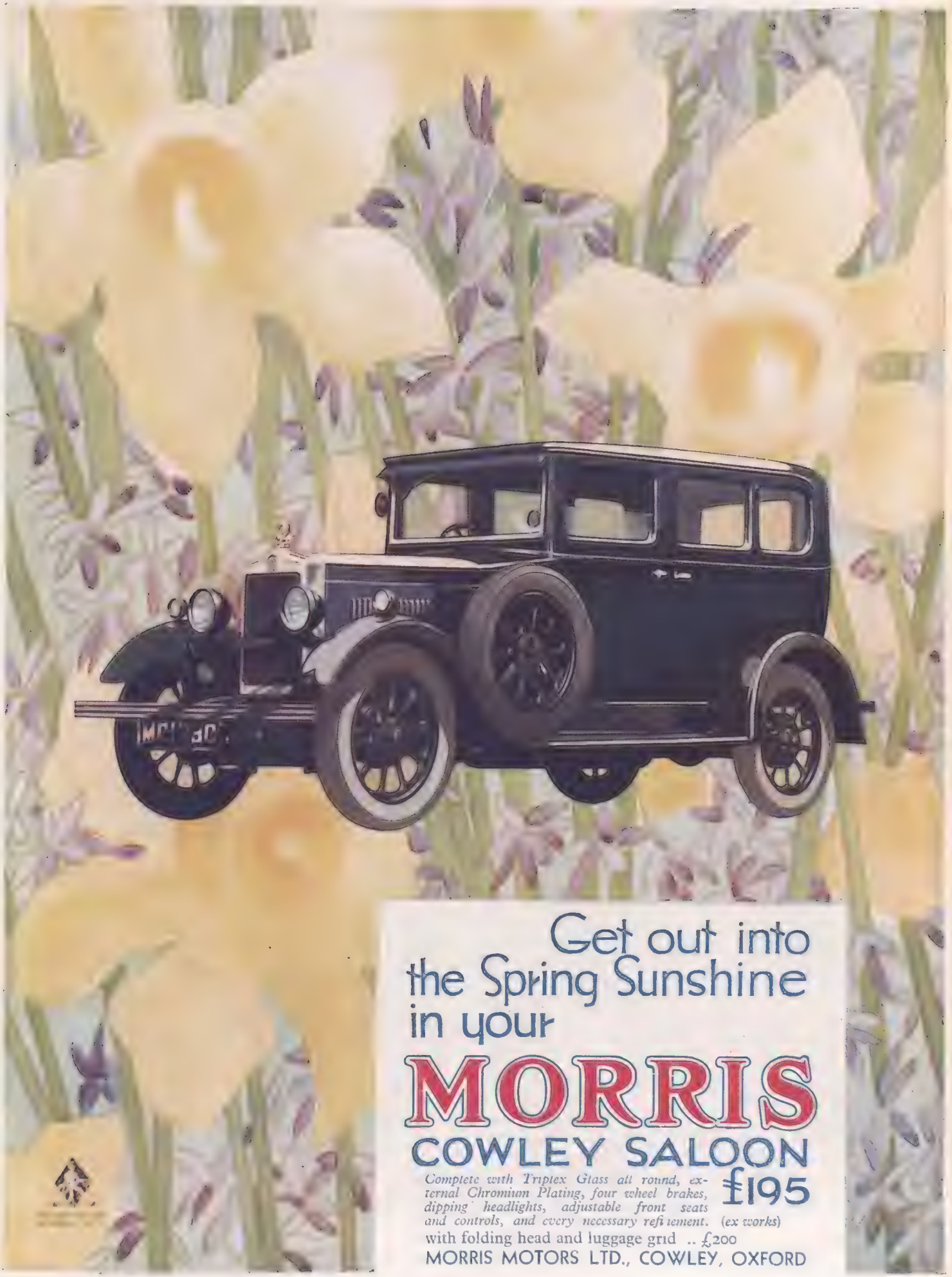
IN the third part, *The Cross,* we see her ageing, losing her husband, losing her children, withdrawing from life and turning at late last, as her sister in *The Cloister and the Hearth* turns, to the spiritual world for comfort. Kristin becomes a nun and dies horribly to save a lost child from death. But all is well with her; the passions of youth have long been crushed out of her by suffering; only the saint and the mother are left. The snow, which falls as she lies dying, "washing the air clean of all poison and pestilence," is the symbol of what has happened within her soul.

I WONDER if the reader will be just a little frightened of embarking on this amazing book. I know of one lazy reviewer, at any rate, who was frightened of the mere effort of reading nine hundred close pages, starred with uncouth names, the whole austerely labelled "historical novel." But then, fortunately, all reviewers are not alike.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"Yes, she is married to a lawyer and a good honest fellow too"

"Bigamist!"



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BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ONE MAN'S MEAT

By

URSULA BLOOM

GRANDMAMMA had worked the fire-screen in the days when she went to a ladies' seminary, and wore long white Empire frocks, and little black satin lace-up boots beneath them. She had sat on a low stool before the sewing mistress, stitching away with a pile of multi-coloured wools in her infant lap, and perhaps rebellion in her infant heart. Slowly, bit by bit, the canvas of the fire-screen had evolved itself into some semblance of beauty under her poor little labouring fingers. A big peony had grown in flaunting reds, one magenta rose with a bilious green bud, two pompous lilies, and sticking up at the side a dazzling piece of blue larkspur. Grandmamma thought that it was the most exquisite piece of work, and she took it home three terms later (for it took that to finish it) and she gave it with her duty to her Mamma.

Her Mamma was pleased with it; she thought that a fire-screen gave a room a certain air, and she had it framed in a nice mahogany frame, on three feet, over which Grandpapa sometimes fell heavily on those regrettable occasions when he came home late from coaching.

The fire-screen came to Mother, with a whole van load of other things, when Grandmamma died. Mother loved the screen in spite of its blatant crudity; she loved it because Grandmamma's infant fingers had sewn it while her infant heart rebelled. Mother knew that as a work of art it was dreadful; there never had been such a blowsy peony, nature had never conceived such smug lilies, and as to that piece of larkspur, which Father always declared was an inebriated jay's feather, well, the least said the better.

"It is a darling thing," Mother was in the habit of telling Muriel, "one of the things that I shall never part with. It is so precious, you must love it too."

Muriel was also sentimental. When Mother died one lovely March morning with the daffies blowing goldly in the garden, Muriel, knowing that she had loved it so, set the fire-screen as sentry over Mother's bed. Mother lay there in her eternal sleep, with her thin hands folded, and a whimsical smile on her poor lips as though she was amazed at the beauty of the first glimpse of Paradise; beside her stood the screen with its clumsy peony, and its savagely magenta rose, and the two embroidered lilies, unlike any lilies that ever grew in a garden.

DURING Mother's lifetime Muriel had not married, although she had been for some months engaged secretly. Fernand was an artist; he did poster work, and he knew all manner of "arty" people; also he lived in Chelsea. Mother had all Grandmamma's ideas about artists not being quite nice. She believed irrevocably that they lived in ill-lit garrets, and ate bread and cheese, and that they never sold anything, so, therefore, invariably starved to death. In vain did Muriel try to assure her that Fernand lived in a most excellent flat, and that he always sold his work for the simple fact that the posters were commissioned before he started them; also he was a young man with a grouse and caviare appetite, and starvation would go uncommonly hard with him. Mother just shook her head, and, because she had been brought up to believe entirely differently, she protested with tears that such a match would break her heart, and that it was quite unthinkable. In vain had Muriel tried to persuade her Mother; Mother was not to be persuaded. Muriel might choose to do anything else, but she certainly couldn't marry an artist, persisted Mother; artists were fast, they invariably selected nude subjects and had no morals at all.

Cigarini

MISS URSULA BLOOM

The writer of this clever story, is one of the leading younger novelists of the day. Amongst her best-known works are "The Passionate Heart," "To-morrow for Apricots," and "Tarnish"

Illustrated by Clive Upton

Muriel found the memory of her mother so poignant that she refused to part with what had been one of her most treasured possessions. In spite of its ugliness she determined to preserve it at all costs, and merely ignored her husband when he talked about "sickly sentimentality," with the result which can be discovered on reading this interesting story of temperament by Ursula Bloom

Muriel had become quietly engaged to Fernand, and had told Mother nothing about it. Mother was so ill that it could not be long anyway, and they felt that it was the kindest course to pursue. Just before the end came Mother put out a transparent hand and gripped the girlish one of Muriel's lying on the sheet.

"You won't see any more of that dreadful artist?" Mother begged.

"Darling . . . Darling . . ." wept Muriel.

"I don't want to think that you will be influenced by him."

As Mother persisted, and she did not know what to do about it, Muriel unwillingly promised. She hated herself for doing so, when all the time upstairs in the tiny jewel case that had been a present from Grandmamma on her twelfth birthday there lay the carved jade ring that Fernand had given her on the blessed afternoon when they had got engaged in a tea shop.

Afterwards in her slim black frock, when the funeral was over, she faced Fernand. She faced him in the sitting room, with the light filtering in at the window and seeming garish after the shuttered days following the death. She stood near the fire-screen, surveying him and thinking how utterly adorable he looked.

"She made me promise that I wouldn't," she explained pathetically.

Fernand made a deprecating gesture with his arms. "Death-bed promises should not be binding," he said. "She has gone on, my dear, and we are left to make the most of our two lives. We oughtn't to sacrifice ourselves to a grave, ought we?"

Muriel felt the tears coming into her wise brown eyes, just as she knew that he was weakening her resolve. "I loved her so," she whispered, as a defence.

"I know. You love me too. There is nothing standing between us now, and we have each other at last. I think, looking down from greater understanding, she would not forbid it. It was just a remnant of her Victorianism, she did not understand the real circumstances."

Muriel held out her arms, and then, when she felt his rapturous kiss, she knew that she would have to give way. It was her life, after all, and her happiness was vital to her. She said, "If I can have her things with me. . . ."

"OH God, give me strength!" said the artist, surveying the prim mahogany that had been Grandmamma's, and the Brussels carpet and the impossible fire-screen.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Muriel came to the flat in Chelsea with a platinum wedding ring on her finger. The flat was beautiful with the dull golden net across its windows, its unstained furniture, and its pale brown, uncovered floorings. It was a rapturous thing of beauty, this product of his artistic mind; its colours blent into one exquisite whole. It seemed almost Vandalism to introduce into its midst these things that had been Mother's. Muriel had sold the largest pieces, she had brought with her just the small things, and dearest of all the aggressive fire-screen.

When she set it down on the sitting room hearth she was amazed at the difference it made to the room; it was gaudy, it was a defiant sentinel screaming in hostility at the rest of the exquisite room. "It——it isn't right," she stammered.

"It's hellish," Fernand told her briefly.

A YEAR had not softened his feelings for the fire-screen. It was bad enough having the precious white ash furniture of his bedroom defied by Grandmamma's solid chest of drawers, with no line about them whatsoever. Mother had been dead some months; surely it was time that Muriel buried her sickly sentimentality and began to see things reasonably. After all, she had brought herself to break a death-bed promise and she had married Fernand against her dead Mother's wishes, so why not abolish this atrocity too?

"It isn't that you think it pretty," he said.

"Oh, no . . . no . . . I hate it."

"When you die somebody else will make matchwood of it in double quick time. Why don't you dismiss what can only be a jarring element from our lives?"

That was when Muriel's eyes would fill with suspicious moisture and her under lip would wobble as she said, "It was hers, and I loved her so much . . ." which settled the argument.

IT seemed to Fernand, who was possessed of the artistic temperament, and therefore had his fair share of imagination, that the thing was coming between them. Not only had it insidiously inserted itself between him and his wife, but it was gradually wedging itself between him and his inspiration. How could a man paint when he had an abortion like that upon his threshold? How could he think in long waves of colour, tawny russets and ochres and siennas, when that fire-screen stood there with its defiant, clumsy peony and its one ghastly magenta rose?

He was working hard at an Academy picture, and, his nerves growing ragged, he took to turning the thing with its back to the wall, so that he should not be confronted with its soul-destroying flowers. The baby, who was now a little mite toddling about the room, laughed to see it. Muriel, coming in, was amazed. She could not understand his attitude; she could only remember her own cleaving to the Mother who had loved the screen so well.

"It's an insult to her memory," she declared. "The poor thing . . . Grandmamma worked it . . . I won't have it stand like that," and she turned it round again.

Fernand could not paint in the flat, not with that thing staring at him in its brutal crudity. He took a studio in Cheyne Walk, and there he went to paint.

"Such goings on," as Mrs. Jackson the char told the "lady" who helped to tidy up at No. 68. "Him in a tantrum, ho yus, and her crying. Taking hisself off to a studio, too. I suppose there is more in that than meets the heye. We knows what men is, don't we, dearie?"

FOR Mr. Jackson, ever since he had fallen in with a certain gentleman friend of his named Sam Saunders, very seldom frequented his connubial house. He and Mrs. Jackson had got married in a hurry. The grave misgivings that had lured them into taking this regrettable step had proved entirely unwarranted, and they had been left with a basement but half furnished and no nest egg with which to face matrimonial bliss. She had gone out to work; he, having lost his job, lounged about the public-houses, confiding his mistaken marriage to Mr. Saunders.

"No good that there Sam Saunders," as Mrs. Jackson averred. "And artful, too."

But Mrs. Jackson's problems never filtered through to her employer's ears.

Muriel wept at home, but although she consented to part with the chest of drawers and the work-basket, and one by one all the relics, the fire-screen, which Mother had loved so well, still remained the grim sentinel upon her hearth. "I won't part with it . . . I won't!" she declared passionately. "Nothing shall ever happen to that!"

It had become almost an obsession with her. She refused to admit any longer that she really hated the thing. She tried to hide her secret detestation of its clumsy workmanship with a hint of admiration. It had been Mother's, that was good enough for her. Muriel had broken that death-bed promise, and her conscience told her that, after all, her marriage with an artist had been a mistake. Mother had been so right. Muriel ought to have abided by that bond; she ought never to have married him. He might be clever, but he was temperamental, and you might just as well call a man a lunatic and have done with it.

She wept constantly, and Francesca, asking awkward questions, was bundled off to school.

Fernand painted pictures in his studio, and when the inspiration was upon him he stayed there all night so that the Muse should remain undisturbed by the proximity of the atrocious screen. He stayed at the studio more and more, and report, which is always an unkind jade, said that a certain black-eyed model stayed with him. Finally, seeing no use in clinging to what had become merely a fetter, he and Muriel came to an agreement.

It was the usual agreement.

Muriel wept wretchedly and blamed the black-eyed model, and Francesca shrugged her modernly sophisticated schoolgirl shoulders and said, "Poor dear Daddy; still, I suppose it's for the best!" If only Mother had given the thing a chance, Francesca argued; but Mother hadn't.

Mrs. Jackson gave her opinion on the matter to interested neighbours in Pimlico, who had read about the case in the papers. "He's a nice enough gent, and she's a nice enough lidy. Miss Francie she's a dear, but it's just the usual thing. They don't 'it it. I expect it's 'is fault. Men, drat them, they're the devil."

For Mr. Jackson never came home these days if he could help it; he was faithfully attached to his friend Sam Saunders.

"That Sam ain't no good to no one," his wife maintained. "A stuck-up piece, too, allus bragging about 'is 'ome and 'is furniture. Fat lot he sees of 'is 'ome and 'is furniture—a fat lot, indeed."

And when Mr. Jackson did come home he gave himself airs. He objected to the basement flat where he lived; he objected to the yellowing aspidistra and the scant furniture rigorously confined to necessities. "Nothin' tasty," complained Mr. Jackson. "No bamboo, no knick-knacks, no nothink."

But in the flurry of their precipitated marriage there had not been time for fal-lals, and since that there had been no income save that which Mrs. Jackson earned. "And I can see meself spending me good money on bamboo and knick-knacks, ho yus!" said she with emphasis.

Francesca became engaged to a meek and mild young author who wrote very daring books. They were the sort of books that one read and wondered what he was getting at. Their meaning was obscure, but they were very fluid.

It was then that Muriel, stepping out of the flat into the yellow light of a dazzling morning in the King's Road, got run over. They rushed her to hospital, but nothing could be done. Francesca got to her just in time to hear an unintelligible mumble about "seeing after my things." She said something, too, about the fire-screen.

White-faced and wretched, Francesca went home to the empty flat after the funeral. It did not seem that life could ever be the same again. Poor Mother! She turned and saw standing there the grim screen with the ugly woolwork flowers. "You spoilt her life," she said, "yet for her sake you ought to be my dearest possession." And then she wept again. Too many generations have spoilt their present by somebody else's past; it is the gross error of posterity.

Bertie came in. "It's our flat now," he said. "We'll be married at once; that is the only way."

"Yes, it's the only way."

"There'll be things we shall want to alter." He looked significantly at the fire-screen.

"They shall be altered," said Francesca with brave resolution. For it is brave to uproot the sentimental blossoms in your heart's garden.

"Dreadful thing, ho yus!" said Mrs. Jackson later. "Run over by a motey car coming sharp out of Beaufort Street, no 'ooting, no nothink. And 'er not insured. I do say as everybody ought to be in a club these days with the traffick what it is . . . just for the sake o' decent burial."

But it had been a beautiful funeral, and that is always consoling.

Afterwards Mrs. Jackson went home bearing something proudly. "The beautifullest thing as ever you did see," she declared. "Miss Francie must be mad with grief to have given it to me. And the missus did set such store by it, too."

She unwrapped it carefully for the inspection of Mr. Jackson, who, it being closing time, happened to be at home. "I call it 'andsome," said Mr. Jackson with pride.

He thought that he would bring Sam Saunders home to see it. He'd had enough of Saunders' home, and his bamboo, and his knick-knacks; he'd show Sam the fire-screen; he'd teach him.

And, strangely enough, the arrival of the screen was the beginning of a new era in the Jackson ménage—an era when Mr. Jackson took to staying at home. It might have been that it coincided with an attack of rheumatism, and yet it might have been the fire-screen which made the cheap little room look so attractive and able to vie with the boasted sitting-room of Sam Saunders.

I have heard it said that one man's meat is another man's poison. I think perhaps it is true. U. B.

"I won't part with it," she declared; "nothing shall ever happen to that"

THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE DRESS"

By Blanche B. Elliott

THOSE who consider fashion as a lightness or caprice—something a little contemptible and frivolous—do not realise the fundamental truths that underlie it. No one tries to stop development in the other arts of life except the sterile minded, who expect everything to stand still so that they shall not be left behind. Yet fashion is an art in which those who create must possess good taste, vision, and artistic attributes in no mean degree, coupled with the purely human one of keeping a finger on the feminine pulse all over the world. The Paris creators are interesting on the subject. Their achievement in "putting over" a completely new dress phase in a few brief months, even weeks, for the world to follow has been without precedent.

"THE need creates the gown," says Lucien Lelong, who maintains "that fashion follows and is determined by conditions of life, and never the contrary. . . . The sports craze has undergone modification. . . . They (sports) have become a matter of course. Women no longer feel the necessity of wearing evening gowns that suggest the tennis court in order to demonstrate their character as sportswomen. Intellectual expression must be provided for as well. The demands of present-day life come nearer than ever to the realisation of the classic ideal of a sane mind in a sane body. . . . Clothes immediately reflect a change." He contends that the long evening skirt is not an "arbitrary caprice on the part of the designers, but that social life demanded it."

"FASHION," says Worth, "is an evolution, not a revolution as the world seems to believe since the adoption of this latest mode . . . still in the process of development. No mode is really established. It is always in the process of change, for life is change, and the mode is the interpretation in terms of clothes of modern woman—her charm, her physical and mental attributes, and her social inclinations."

"LA mode d'aujourd'hui est une mode vivante," says Jean Patou, "the creators of which could not, even if they would, stay its evolution, for it carries within itself the latent capacity for its own development. . . . The history of all art, however modest it may be, is an eternal recommencing. One makes one's first effort, one strives, one struggles, then one becomes calm, and, whilst retaining the qualities of the start, one links up by invisible but certain threads with tradition and the past. In our metier—a minor art, yet an art nevertheless—we submit to the same laws but with much more speed. For us the seasons are almost as decades, and creative effort must be constantly renewed."

ONE of the most momentous issues of the Paris Spring collections is the very definite return of the "little dress"; not a gown or a frock, but once more—a dress. It brings with it an atmosphere of pre-War days, and implies so much that is feminine and soigné by inferring that once more we have time to dress. The Frenchwoman revels in it as being neat, practical, and chic, and by a careful study of her own figure and individuality she can choose exactly line and cut likely to be most becoming to her; it is, in fact, so typically a French mode that one wonders whether it will not be considered *too* much so, and not be brought over to England as "unsuitable." This, in reality, it is not, but the fact remains that to get just this type of garment, unaltered and unmodified, one generally has to buy it in France. With it comes the little exquisite touch of lingerie at collar and cuffs, either muslin or fine lawn. Now, too, we shall probably see the revival of real lace.

THE little dress is invariably accompanied by some form of a coat or cape, a charming example of the latter being illustrated on this page from Worth. The skirt, it will be noted, is the new longer length for afternoon wear, and the fullness is inserted in the front. A skirt fullness is one of the essentials of the modern skirt, or a suggestion of it cunningly arranged by inverted pleats, godets, or panels. This gives the necessary "movement" which is so much in vogue to get as far away as possible from the old, stiff, tubular skirt. Frills, in particular, are used, very often crossing the front diagonally and continuing spiral fashion down the back. The variation in this type of dress is infinite, and every kind of material is used. Many of the capes have a suggestion of the sleeve in them. A model I saw at more than one house had a cape back and then was caught round the arms and wrist to form a sleeve, often with some flat fur, making a cross between a coat and a cape. But for day, afternoon, and evening wear the long, short, or medium cape is with us.

A little dress from Worth's new collection made in black silk crêpe with neckline of braided crystals. Worn with a detachable short cape which ties at the throat

Model Worth, Paris

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THE classic tailor suits also make a welcome re-entry, and these are cut with a severe elegance. Sometimes the basque ripples a little, but its clean, sweeping lines are very agreeable to see after almost a decade of sloppy dressing. Coats are hip length and single breasted, while the long, separate coat has adopted rather a masculine line with a straight, double-breasted effect and patch pockets. With the tailor-made comes back the blouse into a period of extreme popularity, and, what is more, the lingerie blouse—all, needless to mention, of the tuck-in variety.

ORGANDIE muslin has appeared tentatively in many guises. Chanel uses it to create one or two youthful-looking models in the stiff, rather prim, old-world material, while Lucile Paray makes a little muslin coat to wear with a matching muslin blouse and a contrasting dark skirt. The idea is repeated in other models, the coat and blouse matching, worn with a darker-coloured skirt. The blouses often show a short sleeve stopping above the elbow with a turn-back cuff, which introduces the long glove again into our daily life. Blouses are cut either in the simplest and most tailored manner, or, to wear with our silk suits, with such complications as tie bows, frills, or scarf collars. Very popular is the plastron front, very like the open shirt front of a man's evening coat, while the tab is worn outside the skirt and often buttons on to it.

The jupe-pantalon for tennis appears to be gaining in favour owing to its highly practical qualities. Schiaparelli's jupe-pantalon is a one-piece model in a light white woollen weave, with a waist belt of orange-coloured tussore
Model Schiaparelli

PARIS GOSSIP

"FRANKENSTEIN" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE Stage Photo Co.

Lurid love making: Frankenstein (Hamilton Deane), the monster, overcome by the charms of Emilie (Kathleen Grace), the first woman he has ever seen, seizes her in his arms, in "Frankenstein," played at the Little Theatre. A thriller of such blood-curdling attributes that fainting females are not uncommon

PERSONALITIES AND PLACES

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

My goodness, what's the matter with people? Tristan Bernard has protested against the faulty broadcasting of his plays!

I do not care if he protests or they broadcast, but I am distressed that the only story in weeks concerning Tristan Bernard is about anything so banal as radio trouble. In months not one funny story from or about him has been relayed to me, and as for those two other joke-sources, Forain and Sem, they seem to have refrained lately from saying nasty things about people, and I am really afraid that they have taken up Christian Science. People seem to be so calm this winter.

"People have been going about with worried faces"

I concede that a person in the public eye appeared at a luncheon with a great gash in his cheek, which looked promising until I learned that it was only caused by a razor. But he should have stayed at home, because not long ago he was paid one hundred thousand francs to endorse a razor, and if the firm knew that he appeared in public with such results from shaving they would surely demand a refund!

With hope in my heart, I met Willy Vanderbilt, junior, in the Ritz, and he told me that about five o'clock in the morning his car had run into a milk wagon, spilling milk and occupants all over Montmartre. But there is nothing very original about that.

But I was indeed glad to hear of the marriage of Sir Robert Abdy to Lady Diana Bridgeman, because while everybody in Paris knows or knows of Lady Abdy, a great many people have never even seen her husband, who I hear is a very charming man, young and blonde, and he has an antique shop in the rue la Boetie.

The shock that Lady Abdy had a husband was almost as great as when it was recently learned that Anatole France left a widow. This was discovered when she died last week. All his life, any references to "Madame" in the conversations of France meant Madame Arman de Caillavet. (Did you know that her son, Gaston de Caillavet's real name was Gaston Arman, and he merely tacked on "de Caillavet," and that his daughter is the wife of André Maurois?) Well, it was long after Madame de Caillavet's death that Anatole France married his cook, who, in spite of her humble origin, was greatly interested in his work, and saved the manuscript of *The Gods Are Athirst* from the waste-paper basket.

The other afternoon I was in the Ritz Bar for the first time in several weeks, and there I saw Gaby Morlay, very chic in a black velvet stitched béret and a grey fox, and I was surprised to see that, having played so long in Mèlo, and having walked off the stage so often into the supposed Seine, she doesn't go into the real Seine one day by mistake. Just at this moment of deep pondering one of my friends said that there were only fourteen people staying at the Ritz, sixteen at the Crillon, and twenty-two at the Meurice. I was sceptical of his statistics. It was at that moment five minutes before eight, and as I usually dine at home at eight o'clock I telephoned saying that I was dining out, so that my cook could go crazy again, and at the same time found out just how many people really are staying at the Ritz. This is a very simple procedure. All you have to do is this: go into the telephone booth on the Cambon side, ask for a number that is sure to be busy, and while you are waiting around

(Continued on page 448)

BY A. R. CANE

WIFE: "*I thought you said you were going out for a second?*"
HUSBAND: "*Yes, dear, and I've had it!*"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 446)

THE NEW AMBASSADEURS

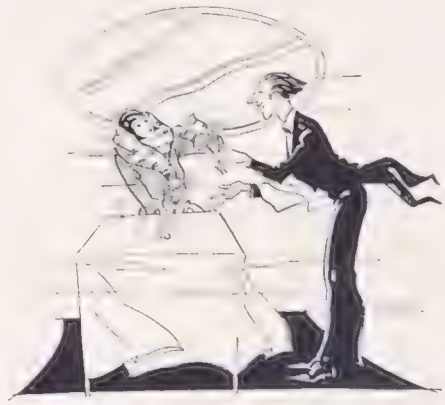
Planet News

A pair of perfect Pekinese puppies proudly seated in the cup won for their owner, Mrs. Adams, of Ruislip, at the Pekinese Club Championship Show at Marylebone

let your eye idly glance over the operator's typed list of the hotel's guests. In this way I learned that my friend didn't know what he was talking about, that there are loads and loads of people at the Ritz, and among them Lady Victor Paget and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McKenna. I was going to try the same stunt at the Meurice and the Crillon, but I was dragged off to the Bœuf to dinner.

SINCE the sad sight of the Ambassadeurs being torn down, and no definite revelation of its destiny in view, people have been going about with worried faces. But the new building will be another Ambassadeurs, not a mere music-hall. The stage, open on both sides, will occupy the centre of a rectangular construction; on the left will be a theatre for people who want to see the show, and on the right will be the restaurant for people who want to look at one another every evening from May 15 on. The only people I feel sorry for are the entertainers, who will have to look at both spectators and diners.

IF the Ambassadeurs had disappeared for ever the loss to Paris would have been terrible, because it is situated in the Avenue Gabriel, facing the gardens of Coco Chanel, the Interalliée, the Edmond de Rothschilds, the two Pereire houses, and the British Embassy. People can drift from parties given at these places (not that the Pereires ever give parties) across the road to the Ambassadeurs, then drift back again, although I do not think that once having left the Interalliée anybody would want to go back, but it would be quite exciting if some crashers from the Ambassadeurs tried to get into Chanel's house through the back gates, or the British Embassy, for they might be hit over the head, as Coco Chanel only likes intelligent people, or at least people who write poetry.



"While they hand you pink carnations to wear it doesn't prevent a draught"

". . . can work and be utterly amiable about it"

SLIGHTLY intelligent news: at a luncheon the other day, Madame Alphonse Daudet said that it was through the Parisian public's love for her husband that the Government was prevailed upon to authorise the return of her son, Leon Daudet, from exile, as well as the great devotion always shown by the Royalist publicist for his mother, that made the Government relent. At the recent sale of Remy de Gourmont's library it was finally revealed, although many people have known it, that Gourmont's "L'Amazone" is really Miss Nathalie Barney, a rather famous American woman living in Paris.

AT a meeting of a society called "Les Amis de Marcel Proust," which includes Robert de Billy, until recently the French Ambassador to Japan, the Princess Bibesco, Paul Valery, of the Académie Française, and Dr. Robert Proust, the author's brother, it was announced that the Ville de Paris is going to place a plaque upon the house at 44, rue Hamelin, where Marcel Proust died, and that a street, to be selected shortly, will be named after him. The death has occurred of the Marquise de Montebello, who during the War was head of the Central Committee of the Red Cross. She was the widow of the Ambassador to Russia, who, while holding that post, made the Franco-Russian Alliance.

THE way some of my friends can work and be utterly amiable about it should at least encourage me to work a great deal more, and at the same time not to growl when I am called to the telephone or to faint dead away when I have completed one of these deep, deep articles.

WHILE on my way to lunch at Prunier's (I had a bad cold, and if there is any place in Paris to make a bad cold worse it is at Prunier's, because while they hand you pink carnations to wear it doesn't prevent a draught from blowing in through the two swinging doors) I met Savoir in the street. He said that he had sent me a box of chocolates which had been returned to him as it had been sent to the wrong house number, but he would send me another box at once. Whereupon I thought that, what with the friendly gossip between concierges, the original box not having reached me can only prove that I am a long way from being famous.

S. L.

TWO'S COMPANY

BY MACMICHAEL

THE OVERTURE

COLLINSON OWEN Discusses THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

This is the fifth of a series of six articles on American crime written specially for "The Bystander" by Mr. Collinson Owen, whose analysis of American psychology in his recent book, "The American Illusion," has created widespread interest

Planet News

Philip Marchese, an alleged racketeer with a long police record, was shot dead by two of his "gangland" men outside a school playground in Chicago. As will be seen above, no attempt has been made by the police to "move on" young children, spectators of the tragedy. This was the fifth death in a six-day reign of terror during which seven were killed

ONE of the outstanding features in the incessant melodrama of American crime is the brutality of the police system.

A policeman in a temper is not a pleasant gentleman to meet anywhere in the world. Anybody who knows anything knows that even in a London police station an obstreperous prisoner may quite conceivably "go through it" considerably, once he is inside.

But whatever police walls may conceal of rough treatment in our country, it is certainly of the mildest possible description compared with what, according to overwhelming evidence, is pretty well a normal state of things in America. It is not for nothing that the representative of authority walks the streets twirling his baton—the famous "night stick"—and that American cities have what are known as "strong arm squads."

THERE are, of course, good "cops" in America. But the system makes it very difficult for them to survive. How can the average policeman be content on a few pounds a week when, in any big city, he may be surrounded by an intricate graft system on a colossal scale, in which he must be a cog or get out. As the *Los Angeles Times* said during the last Presidential election: "While the orators are declaiming about the wonderful opportunities America offers to even the humblest citizen, we must not overlook the Pennsylvania policeman who saved 140,000 dollars in two years."

IT is true also that the American police have to deal with a type of criminality more desperate than is known anywhere else, and of a volume surpassing what is known in any other country. But their treatment of the average criminal, even of the ordinary petty delinquent, is often merciless and savage. It is expressed not merely in the famous and almost semi-official "third degree" treatment, but also in casual and frequent "beating up."

To this the man who has been through police hands often responds with a ferocious hate, to a degree not shown even by the old-time Apache of Paris. The system is merciless to the criminal. The criminal is ruthless in return, when he has the chance. It is a perfect example of the vicious circle, and many a policeman has been wantonly shot as the result of it.

Planet News

John W. Brady, of Texas, walking from gaol to courthouse at Austin, Tex, where he was being tried for the murder of a stenographer. The prisoner was formerly a Texas Judge

IN the police stations, in gaol during strikes—everywhere there is the same story of unlimited violence (shooting quite apart) once any sort of passion is aroused. The Prohibition agents—some of whom have criminal records—show it, and shoot to kill without mercy. Quite recently a reporter on *The New York World* was clubbed in front of the City Hall during a Communist disturbance. He was wearing a police card in his hat at the time, but the policeman, who hit him from behind, could not see that!

In his otherwise not very exciting autobiography Theodore Dreiser gives a number of

peeps into this brutality, which always slumbers so near the surface. As a reporter he had a good deal of experience of courts and the lower grades of the police, and his comments are scathing. He found this brutality even outside police circles. Take, for instance, his description of the Bellevue Hospital, in New York.

"AT that time it was a seething world of medical, political, and social graft, a kind of human hell or sty. . . . Grafting officials and medicos and brutes of nurses and attendants abounded, of course. The number of 'drunks' and obstreperous or complaining or troublesome patients doped or beaten or thrown out and even killed was known and shown to be very large." This, it is true, was a few years before the War, and the hospital has undergone a "clean up" since, but the sketch he gives of the place is hair-raising.

In his book on Sing Sing, Warden Lawes describes the humanity of his own establishment, and regrets that his system does not exist in other gaols. He never permits anything approaching a "beating up." In many other prisons and small gaols it is a commonplace.

HERE is a little cameo of an ordinary county gaol in a big western city. It is told by a hobo, or tramp, since turned writer. Arrested as a tramp, he found himself in the next cell to two Guatemalans, who had recently arrived in San Francisco, and, having been on the spree, had been arrested as drunk and disorderly.

"Neither of them spoke a word of English, or had any idea of what it was all about. But that evening when we were locked in our cells one of them committed a minor infraction of the gaol's very elementary decencies. In all innocence he assumed that American gaols were conducted on the same plan as those in the Latin Americas.

"Without a word or question, the guard—who was himself to blame for having failed to provide for the prisoners' convenience—unlocked the door of the cell, stepped inside and, with his blackjack, beat both men into bloody unconsciousness, while the rest of us cursed him from the comparative safety of our cells.

"I was but a young fellow in my 'teens at the time, and, although I considered myself hard boiled, this sample of cruelty shocked, horrified and enraged me. I expressed a wish to my cell mate that the two Guatemalans had killed Kelly when he stepped inside to beat them up."

In reply to which the cell mate points to his broken nose and to a great scar across his forehead, souvenirs of his own experiences of the same kind, and explains that if ever he tries to get even with the police it will be when he is out of gaol, with a pistol in his hand.

THIS narrator has many stories of the same kind to tell. Elsewhere a well-educated crook showed him an old scar running all through his hair, and asked this question: "Did it ever occur to you that behind every picture shown in a newspaper of a bandaged suspect with his bestarred custodian standing complacently alongside of him, there is a story of police brutality?" This same man had been beaten into insensibility, and then, while still dazed, held up while a newspaper camera man—very well used to this sort of thing—snapped him and his captor.

It all shows how very complicated this American crime situation is. There are so many astonishing factors to entangle it, so that there are concentric vicious circles, all whirling about each other; the ferocity of the criminal, the inhumanity of the police; the fanaticism of the Pussyfoots, who are careless of how much crime there is so long as their "dry" law is still law, and, as powerful as any other force, the indifference of the general public. As was recently printed under a Hearst cartoon on this subject: "Senseless brutality on the part of the criminals results in senseless brutality on the part of society, which, in turn, results in more senseless brutality on the part of the locked-up criminals."

SO, strange though it may seem, there is something to be said even for the American crook when he finds himself a victim of the American police system. Such a reflection, of course, applies principally to the ordinary free-lance criminal, belonging to no particular organisation, and with nobody to "protect" him. It concerns very little the professional gunman of the Chicago type, with an organised crime syndicate "back of him," and politicians and "criminal lawyers" to look after his interests and see that, in the most unlikely event of his ever getting into gaol, he will be treated as one gentleman to another when he is there. C. O.

Mimi Crawford, actress, vocalist and dancer, who is joining the Co-Optimists Company when this happy band appears at the London Hippodrome

Rita Martin

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

SOAPSTONE, HANS. Sculptor. Has been a Sculptor ever since he can remember, but he hasn't got a very good memory. His symbolical group "Worthington Bottles in Spring" now stands in Kew Gardens. So, indeed, does Hans Soapstone — daily. *Clubs:* Slate. *Recreations:* Drawing the long bow; spinning the yarn and swinging the lead.

FLYING NOTES

PRIVATE 'PLANES and AERIAL COACHES

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Major Donati beside his record-breaking Fiat monoplane in which he flew for over 30 hours and covered nearly 2,000 miles

Capt. Campbell-Black's Avro 5, Knight Errant, in which he is now on his way to Kenya

The Royal Moth

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S machine is to all intents and purposes a standard Gipsy Moth with a metal fuselage, finished in the dark red and dark blue of the Household Brigade. The cowl is specially polished and varnished, whilst the upholstery is red leather carried up behind the rear seat to include a padded head rest, which is streamlined away towards the tail. The registration letters, G-AALG, are in red outlined with white on the fuselage and in red only on the aluminium-coloured wings. The Prince's pilot sits in front and each cockpit is equipped with a complete set of luminous instruments. Slots are fitted and dual control, including the tail trimming device, which enables the machine to be flown "hands off" under all conditions of load. The usual space for luggage has been enlarged to accommodate several suit cases, a hat box, golf clubs, and sticks. A landing ground has been prepared in Windsor Great Park, quite near Fort Belvedere, where the Prince will take up residence on his return from Africa.

An Aerial Coach for the City

BY way of contrast to the Royal Moth, which is simply a private owner's machine, painted and fitted according to the Prince's taste, there is talk of ceremonial coaches for air travel, the Lord Mayor of London having expressed a wish to fly in state. The Worshipful Company of Coach Makers has the matter in hand, and, although it may be a few years before an aerial coach for the Lord Mayor is actually built, I have it on good authority that something decorative and imposing can be designed round any piece of machinery. Let us hope for the sake of streamlining that the nobs can be confined to the inside of the coach, and that the coachman will be allowed a new hat more suited to the higher altitudes of the airways. The late Lord Mayor of London, Sir Kynaston Studd, on receipt of an invitation from Sir Alan Cobham to fly over London in state, replied that he would wait on the steps of the Mansion House to receive Sir Alan when the latter arrived in his large air liner, Youth of Britain, and would be delighted to view the City from the air. But to be serious for a moment, it is only a matter of time before the City has its own aerodrome, constructed on the roof of some great building. The Lord Mayor's aerial coach will have its own hangar, and the chief citizen of London during his year of office will be able to visit the principal cities of the Empire, just as easily as he goes to Edinburgh, Belfast, Paris or Rome to-day.

Aerodromes to Visit

LYMPNE is keeping up its reputation for the variety of aircraft that manages to drop in for refuelling; both men and machines are catered for. Mr. John Ford and Flight-Lieut. Scott paid a visit recently in the Cutty Sark, now converted to an amphibian. One always has rather an unhappy feeling when an amphibian comes in to land on an aerodrome, because it is still a rare bird, and one cannot quite get over the sensation that the pilot may forget to lower his chassis. Harrogate is one of the first towns in the world to use the publicity value of a clear sky to attract aircraft. A Glider Club has been formed, and the Corporation expresses the hope that the absence of smoke will attract many enthusiasts. Heston and Hanworth Park are next door to one another when approached from the air, and are close rivals as rendezvous for owner pilots visiting London. There will be many attractions staged at both places during the spring and summer, which will be of interest to spectators and pilots alike.

Club News

MR. DUDLEY, the chief instructor at Hamble, has put in more than 1,100 hours in the air with pupils during eighteen months, a record which will be hard to match. His pupils are brought up within sight of the R.A.F. seaplane base at Calshot, Fairey's works on the Hamble River, Supermarines at Woolston, and Saunders-Roe over the water at Cowes, so they see plenty of flying by seaplanes and amphibians of all types. It seems extremely probable that the first active seaplane club in the country will be formed somewhere on the Solent, and there could be no better organisation to handle it than the Hampshire Club. Lieut.-Com. A. B. Goble, R.N. (retired), of Canterbury, has passed all tests for his "A" licence with the Cinque Ports. The Leicestershire Air Pageant will be held on Easter Saturday, April 19; the Secretary has approached friends in Iceland through the Clerk of the Weather, and a note has been duly entered in the official diary concerning a fine day.

CANNIBALS AND OTHER CAPRICES

By Ralph Straus

G.P.A.

Miss Daisy Fisher, whose new book, "Piecrust," is published by Murray at 7s. 6d. Miss Fisher is well known as the author of "Lavender Ladies," the play that had a successful run at the Comedy Theatre

I CONFESS that I could never understand the Tarzan vogue. That those ridiculous stories, which were not even particularly original, should have succeeded if printed in some penny dreadful series I could understand, but to sell as they did in their tens of thousands at seven-and-six a time—no, it is wholly beyond me. Yet, of course, the Tarzan theme, if treated less crudely than it was, can have its amusing side, and in *Cannibal Coryton* (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.) Mr. G. P. Robinson makes a wholehearted effort to get all the fun, to say nothing of the excitements, that are to be got from the business.

He fails, I think, but he only just fails. When an English boy of thirteen, a Danish sailor, an American millionaire, and a beautiful lady from the South are wrecked and find themselves on a mysterious shore which may or may not belong to Borneo (long renowned for its wild men, as you doubtless remember), they are in for a nasty time with a cannibal tribe. For seven long years do they live with these people, and, with the most cheerful disregard for Western sentiment, Mr. Robinson explains exactly what they are forced to do. All of which is genuinely exciting and excellent fun. When, however, young Coryton returns to England we are treated to a rather poor farce which is only redeemed by the American's frantic efforts to make the world believe his story.

Obviously Mr. Robinson enjoyed himself with the fantastic affair, but he could, I think, have made much more of his Oxford scenes. A little more satire and a little less horseplay might have made all the difference. However, the joke is by no means a poor one, and the marriage ceremony which poor Coryton was forced to undergo on the island will not be easily forgotten, even though Mr. Robinson fights shy of some of its details.

ANOTHER fantasy is quite legitimately described by its publisher as a perfectly gorgeous

Mr. Bernard Newman, whose war book, "The Cavalry Went Through" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

stunt. In writing *The Cavalry Went Through* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), Mr. Bernard Newman must have said to himself, "*My* war book is going to be entirely different from all the others. It shall neither shock nor horrify, and I shall take no account of inconvenient facts. I'll even have my own battles and my own Commander-in-Chief. On the other hand, it is going to be apparently authentic." And I am bound to say that his book is written in such a way that any Rip Van Winkle, ignorant of what actually did happen beyond the fact that the Allies won, might take it for the gospel truth. A Colonel, after mopping up the Germans in North East Africa, arrives in France and immediately gets busy. He forms an Iron Brigade, which speedily becomes a Division. At the head of several Divisions he goes to Gallipoli, and takes Constantinople. He returns to France, and within a short while becomes Generalissimo. And the Germans are beautifully caught in his pincers. It sounds ridiculous—until you read it.

A STUNT then, but a very splendid stunt. You might think that to use the War for such a thing must necessarily show a lack of taste, but this is not so. Nobody could possibly be offended. The book is an exciting romance, so cunningly contrived that you are constantly forgetting that it is not even "near" history, but only the fulfilment of one of the commonest of war-time dreams.

I PASS on to two love-stories, one the work of a man of deservedly high reputation, the other the first novel of a woman who has hitherto written only for the stage. And if I say that Mr. J. D. Beresford's new story, *Love's Illusion* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), has been told many thousands of times before, let me not be thought to be finding fault. True, I prefer Mr. Beresford in his earlier and queerer mood—how gorgeously fantastic he could be!—but his new book shows what novelty can still be given to even the oldest story. And, to be frank, this is about the oldest story in the world. A young man falls in love. *He* is an awkward and innocent young man who lives with his parents in the country. And, although he is at first unwilling to believe it, *she* is neither innocent nor awkward. The village talks, as villages will, and the time comes when in point of fact there is fire as well as the usual smoke. For the pretty Brenda (with the peculiar mother) knows very well what she wants, and proceeds to get it. And, having got it, she gives the young man, not too politely, his congé.

PUT in this way the story sounds crude. It is very far from being crude. It is supposed to be told by an elderly bachelor living abroad, who takes a look back to those days of glory and disappointment in an English village, and it is interesting to see how subtly the old boy (or, rather, Mr. Beresford for him) holds in reserve the knowledge that came to him only after his disillusion. You may call it the simplest of all love-stories, but all its simplicity lies on the surface.

Love's Illusion, of course, is beautifully written: Miss Daisy Fisher's *Piecrust* (Murray: 7s. 6d.) is not. There are in it, indeed, irritating little mistakes, and not only in grammar. Also one or two touches—letters, for instance, in the wrong envelope—smack too much of the stage. Nevertheless, the story itself is distinctly interesting, and the portraits are good. The piecrust itself is provided by a young novelist whose works unfortunately are not quite popular enough to find a publisher. Hayward Clear, however, is as good an example of the "artistic temperament" as you are likely to find. After an "affair" with the abominable Camilla, he pines for country innocence, and finds it in the person of a baronet's daughter. Unluckily, a younger daughter appears on the scene, and at

distinctly the wrong moment (for the baronet's family) they elope. Mr. Clear does his best to be a godly, righteous and sober husband, but Camilla is rather dangerously in the way. With help, however, from relations in general and one Tommy Leigh in particular—another novelist, by the way—affairs right themselves, and with a little Clear in the offing, so to speak, we may hope that the novels still to be written will duly find a printer.

A GOOD story, then, if along old-fashioned lines. But would the Registrar have married a girl under age without her parents' consent? And why do they call the baronet's wife Lady Mary? He, by the way, is a joy to meet, though I should go miles to avoid his mother and the elder daughter. If Miss Fisher would pay a little more attention to her writing she would produce work a little more than merely charming.

FOR a week or two I have not mentioned a thriller, but as they show no signs of losing their popularity I mention three which have certainly not bored me. Who killed Professor Paley? That is the question which Mr. Milward Kennedy propounds in his latest detective puzzle, *Half Mast Murder* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The poor, dear man, who was a well-known worker in the cause of international peace, was found drugged and knifed in his workroom at the bottom of the garden of his house on the cliffs. Queerly enough, the flag flying over this workroom was found to be at half-mast. Several people behave in a rather suspicious way when the police arrive, including an American visitor, a nephew, a niece, the niece's fiancé, and an old family friend. Superintendent Guest works very hard on the case. He makes several excusable mistakes, and so will the reader of this dexterously contrived story.

THEN there is *The King's Club Murder* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Ian Greig. This begins as a mystery and ends as an exciting chase of the criminal. There are one or two novel features about it, and golfers in particular may like it. I have also read *The Twins Murder Case* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Horace Hutchinson. One of the twins is apparently drowned, the other is certainly poisoned. An American gentleman is accused of the crime, and things look very black for him until a fat and jolly detective takes the matter in hand. And then, as so often happens in thrillers, nothing is found to be what it seems. R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Stories of thrills, mystery and breathless action are always welcome, and this is the description we are given of Johnston McCulley's new book *Alias the Thunderbolt*, which Cassells will publish on March 6. When darkness falls, John Flatchley, clubman and man-about-town, becomes the Thunderbolt, despoils financiers of their ill-gotten wealth, and leaves the best brains of the police force guessing.

Hutchinsons have just published *The Blue Beyond*, by Wilfred C. Busse. We are told that this is a stirring story of the pioneering days in Australia, when stalwart men treked into the unknown. John Stirling was a hopeless outcast, and as the shadows of his past, riding up, threatened his future he determined to end it all by turning bushranger. His master's daughter held him back until, finally, he gained two things that he never dreamt would be his—and one was love.

Longman's first novel this spring is *Aubrey Dene*, by Sylvia Denys Hooke. Though *Aubrey Dene*, we are told, is not primarily a war novel, but rather the story of an old family, it is the war which brings to a sudden and tragic flowering all the emotions, developments, action and reactions of the last generation. The author has chosen for her theme the part that tradition and heritage play in the lives of a group of young people demanding and accustomed to the best that life can offer.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT BRIDGE

XI—Contract Conventions: (B)—The Vanderbilt Club

By "Aces Easy"

THE lengths to which some will go to ensure to themselves a second opportunity of bidding approaches the fantastic. It is a cardinal principle of American practice that any means are justified by this (admittedly) desirable end. Perhaps the most ingenious of these super-conventional means is that devised by Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, one of the most able of bridge players, one of the most lucid of writers, and one of the most tortuous of bidders.

IN brief: if you have a hand that promises "slam possibilities" and looks like game if your partner has anything, bid one Club irrespective of your cards in the Club suit. In the case of two suiters, however, do not bid a Club; in the event of holding a large hand without an alternative call, do not bid a Club; and, finally (if you take *my* advice), unless you have a regulation, intelligible and honest call in the black minor, never bid a Club!

HOWEVER—we are not discussing my theories, but Mr. Vanderbilt's. You must know what the "V.C." means and how to reply to it. You bid a Club on a minimum of three quick tricks *plus* slam possibilities. On such a hand as S.—A, K, x, x; H.—K, Q, x, x; D.—A, x, x; C.—x, x; or S.—A, 10, x, x; H.—A, Q, x, x; D.—x; C.—A, K, x, x; or S.—A, Q, 10, x, x, x; H.—x, x; D.—A, K, x, x; C.—x; bid one Club. On a genuine Club hand, bid two Clubs.

THE partner of a Club caller has an apparently easy but really difficult task. He must bid irrespective of his Diamond holding, one Diamond on any hand no matter how distributed, if he have not two quick tricks in hand. Such hands as: S.—x, x, x; H.—x, x, x; D.—x, x, x; C.—x, x, x, x; or S.—A, x, x, x, x, x, x, x; H.—K, x, x, x, x; D.— — C.——; or S.—K; H.—Q, J, 10, x, x; D.—x, x; C.—A, x, x, x, x; or S.—x; H.—x, x, x; D.—K, Q, J, 10, x, x, x; C.—x, x; are all bid one Diamond in answer to a Club.

IF, however, one has two quick tricks one *never* bids one Diamond. With a suit as good as any five cards or Q, 10, x, x, or better, and two quick tricks in the whole hand, one bids one of the suit, *unless* it be Diamonds, when one bids two to differentiate it from the "denial" response explained above. If one has a better suit, say A, K, x, x, x, and something outside, one bids two of that suit. If one has a large hand, one may be able to deduce what one's partner has called on and jump straight to five or even a slam. On a hand such as S.—A, x; H.—K, Q, x; C.—A, Q, 10, x, x, x; D.—A, x, one knows one's partner's Club is bid on S.—K, Q; H.—A; D.—K, Q; and, probably, C.—K. One may, therefore, bid six or seven No Trumps at once.

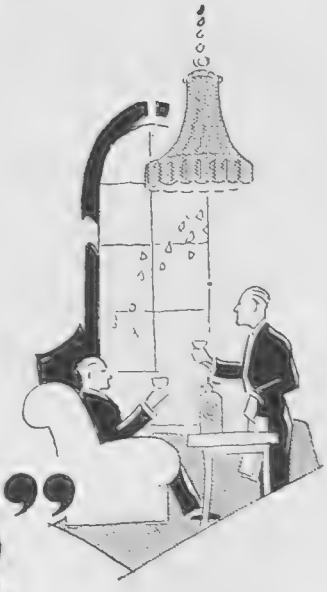
IF one has two quick tricks in hand and no suit as good as x, x, x, x, x or Q, 10, x, x, one bids one No Trump. On S.—A, x, x; H.—A, x, x; D.—x, x, x, x; C.—x, x, x one calls sans-à-tout or on S.—A, K, x; H.—x, x, x; D.—x, x, x; C.—x, x, x, x.

IF one Club gives one game and one's partner has called a Vanderbilt, leave in the call on six goodish Clubs; if a Diamond gives game and you have bid a Club and your partner has bid a Diamond, leave in if your Club bid was predicated on a *large* (long and strong) Diamond suit.

The subsequent bidding must be guided by the light of nature. I will give examples of this illumination next week.

THE CUSTOM OF THE CULTURED!

In matters of hospitality one must be assured that the refreshment offered to guests shall be of a quality beyond reproach. That is why the original Soda Water is to-day more popular than ever, its perfection recognised everywhere by those who know, the finest of its kind, the famous



"Schweppe"
THE ORIGINAL
SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, *Etc.*

MOTOR NOTES

A 16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam car, one of the fleet supplied for the use of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India. In the background can be seen the Imperial Airways Liner, City of Teheran, photographed on its arrival at Delhi

LOVELY WOMAN—AND STREET ACCIDENTS

By E. M. Wright

WOMEN have always claimed the right to change their minds. Many of them, too, are only too willing to give the mere male a piece of it any time of the day or night—but not, it seems, when driving. The other day I came across a gem of wisdom in the report of a police court case. A bus driver was asked: "Did you realise what this woman (a motorist) was going to do?" He replied: "It was obvious to me that she was going to do something!" Not a word more, yet what could be more damning than this short sentence. For there is little doubt that women are serious offenders in this matter of giving signals. In so many cases they do not deign even to warn us that they are "going to do something," and other drivers must look out for themselves in every sense of the word. Too often, I grieve to state, the hand that rocks the cradle wrecks the street.

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DO not imagine that I am a peppery retired colonel who looks upon every other motorist as a road hog. Do not imagine that I consider every woman motorist is a deliberately reckless driver. In point of fact it is probably true that they do not drive so fast on the average as men. But the speed at which you are travelling is of quite minor importance. It does not matter what you do so long as other people know in good time that you are going to do it. That is the real test of safe driving. In one respect women are better than men. They do sound the horn. But unfortunately they are far too ready to believe that once having "given audible warning" they are then fully entitled to perform any manœuvre they may fancy.

I HAVE made the woman driver the scapegoat in this article, but in fairness to her I should add that there are some men who are by no means paragons of virtue in this matter of correct signalling. But though people in glass houses should not try to emulate the methods of smash-and-grab raiders, I am quite ready for a bout of stone-throwing with the ladies. In the first place most of them will miss, and in the second place I am comfortably sure that their glass will suffer far more than ours—provided, however, we may disown London taxi-drivers. They are no credit to their sex, and I might almost believe that in their spare time they give lessons to lady drivers, in which case the latter are indeed apt pupils. Never have I seen a taxi-driver give a really intelligible signal. Many, it is true, indicate their intention "to do something" by waving their right arm vaguely in the air. Whether that should indicate a turn to the right or the left or a sudden halt remains pure guesswork—until you discover to your cost that you have guessed wrong.

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IT cannot be too strongly stressed that every driver should at all times give the correct signal, give it clearly and unmistakably, and give it sufficiently early for others behind to profit by the warning. It is not sufficient merely to poke a couple of fingers out of the window, waggle them foolishly for a moment or two, and then proceed at once to execute the proposed movement. It is bad enough not to give signals when you know that you ought, and know the particular one you ought to give. Thousands, however, do not even know the ordinary everyday signals for turning and stopping. It should hardly be necessary, too, to add that, having given notice of some manœuvre, you should carry it out; but it is by no means unknown for a driver to change his—or more generally her—mind at the very last second, to the consequent discomfiture of everyone in the vicinity. It is the unexpected that causes accidents, and remember, I pray you, ladies and finger-wagglers in general, that we are not all of us such highly skilled men at the wheel as the London bus driver; nor, as you will learn for yourselves, are we so ready to view your shortcomings with the philosophical calm of the driver whose remarks I have quoted above.

***

THOSE who are at all hazy about signal-giving should study the simple, easily understood instructions issued by the R.A.C. and the A.A., or for the matter of that any of the motoring organisations. There is no excuse at all for ignorance on such an elementary, but none the less vital, principle of good driving, especially when there are so many authorities to which one can refer.

The six-wheeled Crossley car supplied to the Nawab of Bahawalpur for special service in the hunting and photographing of big game. The body has been constructed by Messrs. Barker and Co., and has seating accommodation for twelve people. Notice the windows with their protective screens for keeping out reptiles and insects

Pure Whisky! distilled from the finest materials. That is "King George IV." It contains all the nutriment value of the ripe grain in its most virile form.

Mature. Mellow. A Flavour that can be described only as "King George IV" flavour. It is a truly Royal Spirit. —Unsurpassed for quality.

"King George IV" OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

SHOOTING NOTES

LEAVE IT TO DAME NATURE

By "Clodhopper"

Special Press

Four fine English Springer Spaniels from the Champion kennels of Miss D. M. Hooper and Mr. Stafford Walter, of High Beech, Loughton, Essex. A great many sportsmen still shoot over these dogs in preference to the more popular Cockers

HARKING back to my recent Notes anent the overplus of partridges for breeding purposes, a sporting scion of the ancient Clan MacGregor writes me to the effect that an unusually heavy breeding-stock of grouse has been left on many of the Scottish moors. Needless to add, the pessimists already predict another epidemic of strongylosis within areas over-populated by grouse. In the event of there being a shortage of autumn feed on the moorlands, in the form of a poor heather crop, such unhappy prophecies may, of course, materialise. Grouse disease is, virtually, but another term for famine and starvation among the red grouse, an overcrowding of which, on extensive moors even and on a good crop of heather, almost invariably leads to disease. But why cry "wolf" so early in the year?

FORTUNATELY our national gamebird, the English partridge (I use the adjective advisedly), is a wonderfully hardy little fellow, and such a fell disease as strongylosis troubles him not at all. On the other hand, gapes and pneumonia he is not immune from, and should a cold, wet summer intervene between the rearing and the shooting season—which heaven forfend, as we shall surely have received our full quota of *moist* weather before the advent of spring—the latter malady may wipe out many a brood of young birds, leaving a plethora of old 'uns for the gun and casserole (an old partridge makes a thundering bad roast). An epidemic such as occurred three years ago would, of course, settle the question anent the superfluous partridge population. But who, bar the Socialist kill-sports, would wish for such a disastrous shooting season at that of 1927?

APART from his hardiness and extraordinary powers of recuperation and prolificacy, the partridge has a happy knack of resorting to other cultivated areas upon finding his natal feeding-grounds overcrowded by his kind. And he adapts himself more readily to the conditions which obtain in a new habitat than most species of our indigenous game birds. It is seldom that two or more extensive and contiguous estates are overstocked, to the same degree at any rate, with partridges, and in the usual course of things the surplus birds from the most overstocked manor will distribute themselves over the less congested areas.

AS a case in point I may say that the overstocked Midland shooting, of which I made mention in my former Notes, is separated from a lower lying and less favourable area of cultivated land by a wide stretch of the River Trent. Nevertheless, several good lots of birds crossed over to the latter estate during driving operations in December. The errant partridges have, apparently, quite settled down to the new surroundings, and as the tenant of the sporting rights upon the shoot goes in for winter feeding on a considerable scale I have no doubt that even more birds will leave the higher and more congested ground, upon which artificial feeding is not practised. Be all this as it may, although we can scarcely hope for such a bumper partridge season during 1930-31 as that which has just passed, it is surely rather early yet to anticipate a bad season. Dame Nature, by a judicious system of give and take, adjusts all such matters of the wild in her own inscrutable manner.

AGAIN I appeal to all shooting and hunting readers of THE BYSTANDER to give the unfortunate farmers of *our own country* a "leg up" by purchasing from them every kind of farm-produce possible. Not only corn and fodder generally, but also poultry, eggs, butter, bacon, cheese, and suchlike commodities, the sale of which helps the farmer's wife to keep the homestead going. Only those people who, like myself, reside in an agricultural district and take an active and humane interest in the being and welfare of their neighbours engaged in husbandry can realise the present plight of the farming class.

MANY farmers—large and small—of my acquaintance have their barns overstocked with wheat, barley and oats, which—"thanks" to the dumping of cheap German, Soviet and Argentine corn into this Socialist-ridden country, free of duty—they can find no market for, except at a dead loss. In point of fact I know of one Midland farmer who, to pay the wages of his men, has been compelled to sell good white oats at eight shillings a quarter less than the actual cost of production. No British industry has been so badly let down by the "damned politicians" (not only by the existing Socialist mob, but also by Messrs. Baldwin and Co.) as that of agriculture. Another point, by the way, is that whenever possible sportsmen should conduct business personally with farmers and not through the medium of servants. The latter have, naturally, a good nose for "palm-oil," which only too often leads to a deal in foreign corn of a private and confidential nature.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE PHEASANT PROGRAMME

MARCH is the month when pheasant rearing arrangements are finally decided for the coming season. Penned birds, nesting boxes and coops, together with a nice field for rearing, all have received or are receiving attention. Whether the necessary eggs are obtained from penned birds, by gathering from nests or by ordering from a game farm the result is much the same, sport is assured, varying with the weather from May onwards. Healthy and vigorous stock influences results, therefore don't neglect including at least a leavening proportion of eggs from reputable outside sources. Remember that the main cost of shooting, even if it has no entry in the accounts, is the land which usually brings in no clear revenue from rents; therefore on no account grudge the relatively small expense that makes it a sporting asset. To seek a few timid and wary head of game amid beautiful coverts and on kindly earth is in theory delightful, but in reality a trifle heartrending. Favourable seasons may bring along a fair show of birds, but if you want to be sure of them, pheasants are the only real standby and certainty. They must be cultivated like any other crop, but with the difference that land can only produce so much, whereas the saturation point with game is seldom reached.

Warwick Wright Says

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Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

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Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

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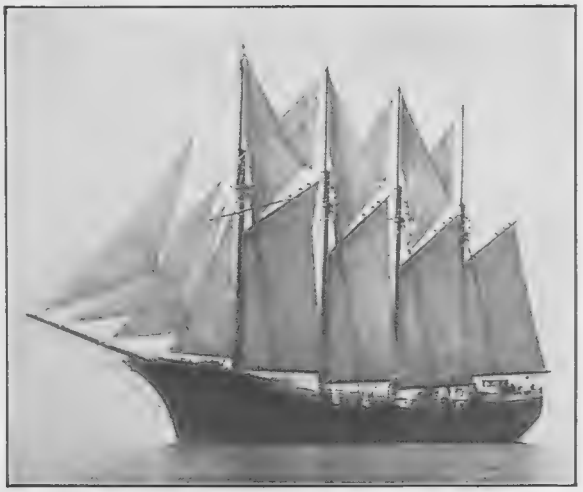

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the BYSTANDER

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1930

at MOOR PARK CLUB

THIS year the competition for "The Bystander" Challenge Trophy will be held at Moor Park Club. The club adjoins Sandy Lodge Station on the joint Metropolitan Railway and the L.M.S. Railway (Baker Street and Marylebone Stations).

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over thirty-six holes (Medal play).

A silver cup will be presented to the winning professional and a similar cup to his lady partner.

Invitations have been sent to a large number of clubs in and around London. Moor Park Club is making all competitors Temporary Members for Tuesday, March 18, and Wednesday, March 19, so that on the day before the competition those who wish to do so may have an opportunity to practise.

All competitors will be entertained to luncheon and tea by "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies on the day of the competition.

This is a replica of the cup won last year by Miss M. P. Horsfield, of the Verulam Club. A similar cup was presented to her partner, Abe Mitchell, of the same club

Conditions of "The Bystander" Contest.

Professionals to be rated at PLUS 4.

Ladies L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of the combined handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places must be played off next day, March 20, unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicap, etc., will be decided by the Managing Committee in charge of the meeting, whose decision shall be final.

A draw will be made for starting times.

★ ***Will those competitors who wish to practise at Moor Park on March 18 please notify the Club Secretary so that arrangements can be made for caddies.***

Fashions Fancies

Underwood Studios

PRINTED CHIFFON FEARS NO RIVALS

Delicately shaded stone and maize coloured flowers riot over this graceful tea dress from Debenham and Freebody. The very full net-bordered skirt springs from a sheathed top, a tiny capelet fluttering from the shoulders. The fichu-like scarf cape is separate, and can be worn in a number of charming ways

PERSONALITY IN TRIFLES

Here are the very newest stockings, made by I. and R. Morley, and beautifully embroidered with delicate clocks and anklets

By Olive Caley Smith

Graceful Revers and Neat Bows

WOMEN, having discarded standardisation for individuality in dress, will woo success this Spring through the medium of their accessories and those deft touches which proclaim originality and charm. The treatment of the neckline is coming in for a good deal of consideration, and some very interesting results have been achieved. Graceful revers, very wide and full, add importance to many frocks and wraps, and are particularly good when they form part of a crêpe or satin blouse and are worn outside the tight-fitting coat of a dark and slender suit. Bows are much in evidence, tied loosely, with long, hanging ends, or arranged formally in neat groups.

New Ways with Collars

COLLARS are becoming so important that quite often they are the raison d'être of the ensemble. Amusing things are being done with flat-haired furs. For instance, deep shoulder yokes, which also form the upper part of the sleeves, are seen on pastel-hued suits and on evening wraps, their mission being to strike a balance between the extreme slenderness of the hips and the very full skirts which flow outwards from the knee. Cravats of broadtail or ermine, folded carelessly round the throat, are accompanied by elbow-length " glove " sleeves on plain, short coats. While delicately tinted lace mounted on upstanding collars of the Medici persuasion, not stretched, but falling in soft folds over the frame, are flattering.

Hand-painted Stockings

STOCKINGS are a very important item in the wardrobe of a well-dressed woman, and any new fashion which affects them is of great interest. I. and R. Morley—the manufacturers of the Favourite, La Mode, Durance, and Belgravia hosiery—have just launched fine-gauged stockings with embroidered instead of openwork clocks. The designs are delicate, as may be seen from the sketches at the head of this page, and the colours used are the same as the background. Some have neat anklets, either plain or finished in front with a medallion. Others have hand-painted clocks, which are not affected by washing. Thus a beaver-hued stocking might be decorated with a fine black line surmounted by tiny flowers with gold petals. Sunbronze, Mauresque, and Ochre are the names of some of the new colours, all of which fall into the soft beige beaver classes; while Prune Brown, a very dark shade with a distinct dash of purple, is extraordinarily effective with black.

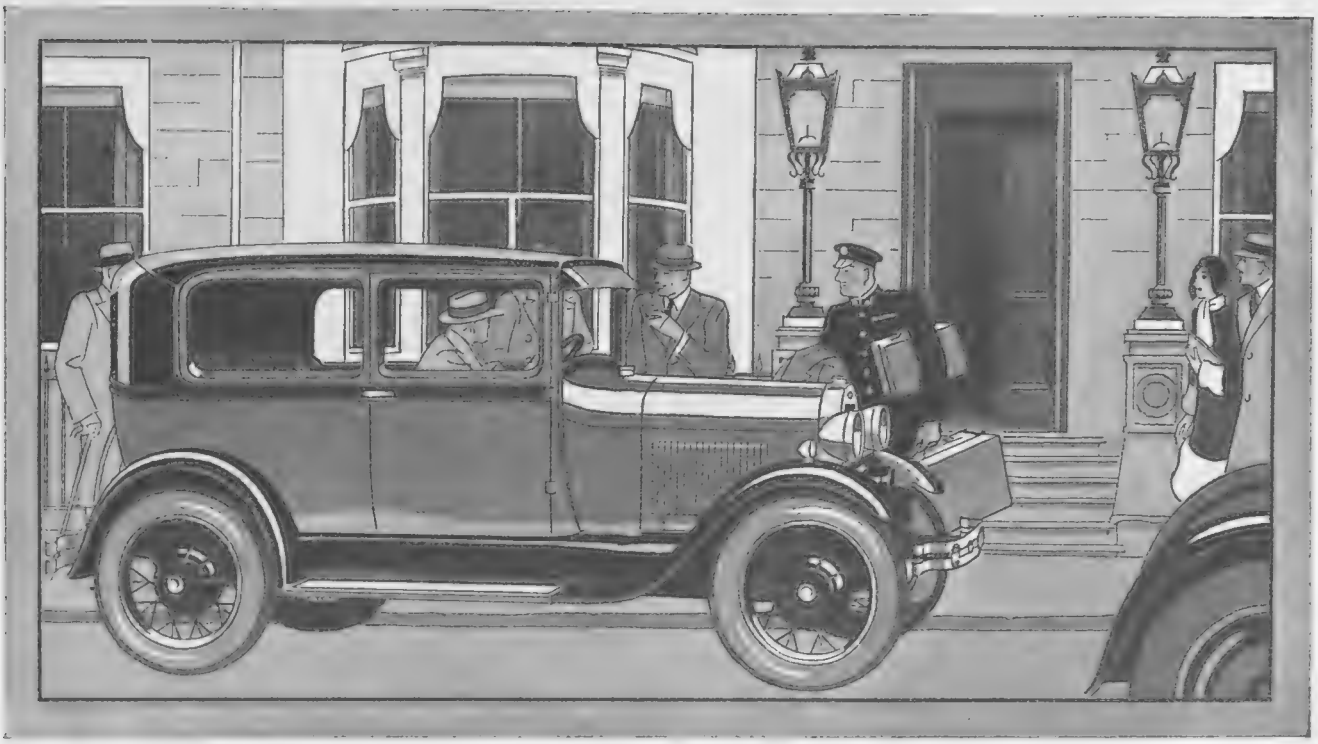
An admirably tailored Celes dress in heavy Macclesfield crêpe. It is carried out in a blue and pink striped design, the colours being absolutely unfadable

Tailored Silk Dresses

WHAT is worn on the Riviera during the early months of the year invariably influences the choice of summer dresses in England, and so, since simplicity is a salient feature of the light frocks which are now to be seen in the South, it is safe to predict that beautifully tailored frocks of heavy washing silk will enjoy a vogue during the warm months. They are particularly becoming to the Englishwoman, and they are extremely practical. Celes dresses, which are made of Macclesfield crêpe, are irreproachable in every respect. They are obtainable in a wide range of charming shapes and the loveliest colours, all of which are guaranteed to be unfadable. There are intricately seamed frocks with long complementary coats; delightful little suits with blouses or high-waisted jumpers; and Celes shirts, cleverly made so that they can be worn outside or tucked into the skirt.

Corsets for the New Silhouettes

FASHION has decreed that women must have waists this season. Consequently, there has been a revolution in the design of corsets. Although still pliable and in many cases boneless, they are higher, with a definite curve at the waistline. The Gossard line of beauty this Spring carries out this idea in all their models. There are " clasp-arounds," " hookarounds," and " solitaires," still with the long, straight back coming well over the hips, but giving a graceful curve inwards at the natural waistline.



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DOGS

REASONS? WHY, CERTAINLY! By "The Kennelman"

IT's a sign of the times which all canine folk welcome that the daily papers continue steadily to increase the attention given in their columns to news of Dogs. It is but logical that, the number of pedigree Dogs being at least three times greater than before the War, their interests should receive, as they probably do, three times the attention they used to get in "the news."

JUST lately quite a lot of it has dealt with "the reasoning powers of Dogs," and dozens of examples have been described, some of which have been amusing, whilst of others a reader of these Notes writes that "they really give me a pain." Well, the fact probably is if you're still at the stage of not being sure whether Dogs can think and reason and communicate with one another (and their two-legged friends), even the simplest examples may seem notable. Thus correspondents have described with zest how an Alsatian proved its reasoning capacity, when playing with a ball on the side of a hill. The Alsatian was told to carry a dropped glove to its mistress, but found that picking up the glove meant allowing the ball to roll down the hill; and so at length he tried carrying the ball to his mistress to be cared for, while he trotted back to fetch the glove. Again, a little Dog, desirous of getting a picking from the dinner dish of a big Dog, recalled his lessons in sitting up and begging beside the table of his human friends (the silly kind of lesson against which, thank goodness, intelligent Dog-owners set their faces sternly nowadays) and tried the same tactics alongside the big Dog's dish.

Sport and General

Some of the Schnauzers owned by Mrs. Kavanagh, of the Old Manor House, Shepperton. A little-known breed, these dogs are used largely for farm purposes in Germany and Austria, the countries of their origin

WELL, there's no harm in this "reasoning powers" stuff, nothing to get a pain over; but it is rather odd that the owners concerned seem to have given a miss to all the more striking everyday examples which are so familiar to, for example, every shepherd, every gunner who has ever shot over Dogs, every Dog trainer and handler, and every policeman who's had a Dog out on patrol duty. "The Kennelman," for one, has never attended a Sheepdog Trial or the most ordinary of shoots, without seeing Sheepdogs and Gundogs (Cockers, Retrievers, Setters, Pointers) present far more striking evidence than this of their possession of "reasoning powers"; all as part of the average day's work, and no song and dance at all about it. Reason! Why, bless my soul, you've only to watch any well-bred bitch with a litter of pups to realise that the little beggars begin to think and reason to very practical purpose indeed while still their noses are milky and weaning's a trial to come. Indeed, "reasoning" starts at puppyhood.

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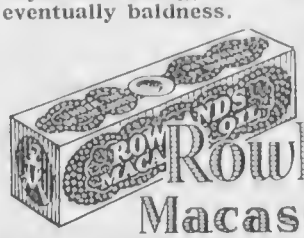

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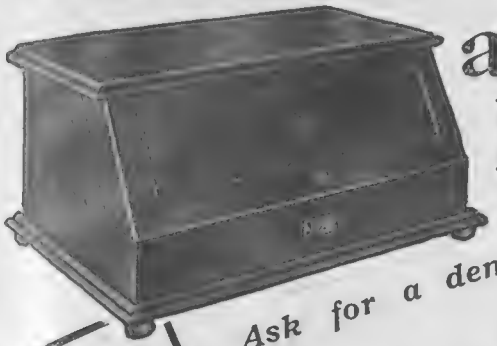

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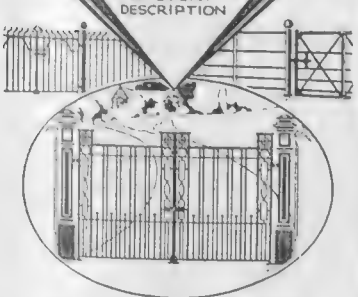

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All who love a good horse will appreciate this admirable piece of work by the French sculptor, GASTON D'ILLIERS. The Bronze stands 5¼ inches high at shoulder, and is mounted on a marble slab 8¾ inches long.

AN EXAMPLE IS ON VIEW AT THE SPORTING GALLERY.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, where orders will be executed strictly in rotation. Price £7 . 7 . 0; packing and postage (inland) 5/- extra.

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32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

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See the Victoria Falls!

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THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Déjeuner

Eggs à l'Adennaise.

Filet de Sarcelles aux Anchois.
Purée des Epinards.
Pommes Nouveaux.

Meringues.

Café.

Eggs à l'Adennaise

Beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs, seasoned with half a teaspoonful each of onion juice and chopped chives. Add one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, butter and salt to taste. Butter a fireproof dish, and turn in the whipped whites of the eggs. Pour on top four tablespoonfuls of thick cream very carefully. Place the unbroken yolks on this at equal distances, and bake quickly until the yolks are well set. Serve in the same dish.

Filet de Sarcelles aux Anchois

Fillet the teal after roasting them about threequarters done, lay them in a china fireproof dish, which has been buttered and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, place a fillet of anchovy on each piece, moisten with stock, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and Parmesan cheese, then bake in the oven. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over before serving.

Purée des Epinards

Wash well and boil two pounds of spinach till quite tender, chop it very fine, and rub it through a coarse wire sieve, season with pepper and salt. Stir over the fire in a stewpan till warm, then put in 2 oz. of butter, a good saltspoonful of castor sugar, and a gill of cream. Stir over the fire for five minutes and press into a shape. Turn out and garnish with small fried croûtons.

For House and Garden

In "Herbs, Salads, and Seasonings" (Heinemann: 6*s*.) Messrs. Marcel Boulestin and Jason Hill have contrived to produce something between a horticultural guide and a cookery book. Beginning with a short survey of herbs they pass on to more general subjects, wherein they give some useful hints which will be greatly appreciated by members of the cooking world; although the main theme is devoted chiefly to the garden. Fortunately, the reader is spared from having to indulge in a vast series of interminable and "classical" names, as are usually to be found in such books, but, at the same time, every subject that has been mentioned is dealt with both historically and thoroughly. The relationship between different flowers and their various characteristics are all most aptly described, while the whole atmosphere is one of simplicity. There are also some interesting diagrams contributed by Mr. Cedric Morris.

M. E. C. Borgo, maître d'hôtel, of the Cafe Anglais, one of the most popular and élite restaurants in the West End

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"RED HACKLE" Whisky

worthily upholds the honour of this emblem of a great spirit.

Distilled from rich, home-grown barley, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.

Awarded first prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.

Try "Red Hackle" & judge for yourself.

150/- per dozen, carriage paid.

Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS, Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.

PIPE-MAJOR DUNCAN McTAVISH *piping the Black Watch into action at Waterloo in a manner worthy of the finest traditions of Highland Pipers. The skirl of his pipes and his disregard for danger inspired his comrades to extraordinary valour. The Red Hackle worn in the bonnets of the Black Watch is an award for gallantry.*

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

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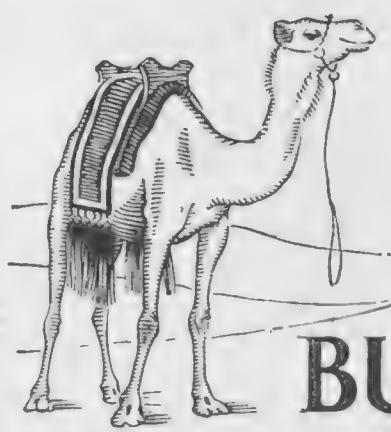
"Coloure Makyth the Home" No. 2



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How well the colourful trappings of the camel contrast with the buff of the desert.

A few splashes of rich colour are all that is needed to relieve the monotony of Buff. It is a friendly, cheery colour—and most accommodating as a background for other shades.

Take a Buff Velure enamel with a flat surface and make it the basis of your next decorating scheme. Velure has more than twenty colours for you to choose from.

Each one will prove an ideal finish under all conditions and will retain its freshness even after years of wear. Your decorator knows Velure and will be glad to use it for you. Colour Card I on request.

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ATTRACTIVE TAILORED COATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

We have now in stock an interesting assortment of tailored Coats and Suits suitable for girls from six to seventeen years. The coat illustrated, perfectly cut and tailored, is made from reliable quality tweeds.

CHILD'S TAILORED COAT in tweeds of small flecked design for early Spring wear; lined silk polanaise. In sizes 30, 32 and 34 inches. In size 30 inches,

PRICE

6 gns.

Rising 7/6 each size.

HAT to match, with stitched brim, **58/6**

Sent on Approval.

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Write for Specimen Copy to the Publisher, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

1/-

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Progress at Bournville

Although we are always being reminded about the pervading depression that is enveloping the British industries, it is interesting to hear that, at any rate, the chocolate trade is one that is still flourishing. The old-established firm of Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd., have had an exceptionally good year, and their output has been considerably increased. Whatever other manufactures may be failing, it is always consoling to know that the supply of chocolate and cocoa is still plentiful.

Shire Horse Show

The fifty-first annual show of the Shire Horse Society, which is now being held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, lasts for three days. As usual, it is one of the most popular events of the year, and is drawing large numbers of people. It is interesting to note that both last year's Champions—Mr. J. M. Belcher's Eaton Premier King and Mr. A. Thomas Loyd's Lockinge Ridgeway Rose—are again competing. Both have twice previously won their respective Champion Cups, and therefore both will have an opportunity of winning these much coveted trophies outright at the 1930 Show. Last year's champion gelding—Cæsar—is also competing again this year. The Society's official auctioneers, Messrs. Sexton, Grimwade and Beck, of Colchester and Peterborough, will conduct a sale by auction to-morrow (Thursday), beginning at 10 a.m. This will be preceded at 9 a.m. by a parade of all the animals to be offered.

H.M.V. Record the King

To-day (Wednesday) "His Master's Voice" gramophone record of the historic speech made by the King in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at the opening of the Five-Power Naval Conference is on sale to the public. This excellent achievement of the Gramophone Company was made possible by the use of their unique recording van, an assemblage of electrical appliances which, for the occasion, was placed in the Royal Court, and connected by wire with the microphone used by His Majesty. Thus was the King's voice recorded upon wax surfaces, and these were sent, with the utmost expedition, to the gramophone company's factory at Hayes, Middlesex. Within three hours, the sound waves on the wax were transformed into metal matrices from which records were pressed and taken to St. James's Palace. There they were presented for the approval of the King's specially appointed representative. Although this was the first endeavour to record in the House of Lords, the result was so perfect that immediate permission was given to have the gramophone reproduction broadcast to the world the same evening, and the effect was exactly as though the Royal orator was speaking in person. The next day His Majesty heard his remarks reproduced at Sandringham, and sanctioned "His Master's Voice" to issue records to the public, so that every home in the Empire will be able to hear for all time the King's voice. For this record, R.B.3290, a special decorative label in royal purple, gold and scarlet has been prepared, with the Royal Arms at the top. It will sell at three shillings, and, at the suggestion of His Majesty, the proceeds are to be devoted to the "Wireless for the Blind" Fund.

Miss Katherine Dringer, who represented the famous Blue Train at the Fancy Dress Ball recently held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

The Totalisator

It will be of interest to all race-goers to learn how the totalisator is so illuminated that its numbers can be clearly seen over a hundred yards away. The new electric totalisator recently demonstrated at Thirsk Racecourse is fitted with 10,000 Mazda lamps. The indicator of the new totalisator, which has been standardised by the Racecourse Betting Control Board, is on the lamp monogram principle, each unit or numeral being formed from a bank of 24 Mazda lamps. Selected groups of lamps are lighted to form luminous figures in accordance with signals transmitted by the adding machines. There are six banks of lamps in line with the number of each horse, and seven banks for the respective totals "win" and "place." Every lamp is light-insulated from its neighbour, and is housed in a separate blackened compartment. The banks of lamps are surmounted by a blackened grille, with the result that illuminated figures are clearly visible in bright sunlight from a distance of over 150 yards, and from any angle up to 30 degrees. All this goes to prove that there can be little doubt as to the efficacy of modern electric illumination.

WEIRD STORIES

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A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

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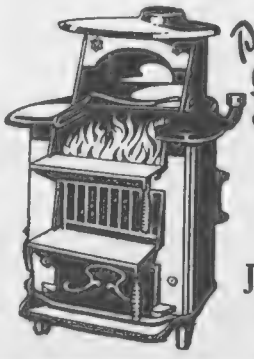

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THE FASHION
FOR THE
TEA GOWN

There is every indication that during the coming season the Tea or Intermediate Hour Gown will return to popular favour, in view of the longer feminine line, and soft draperies of the present fashions. We have designed a number of these practical and attractive garments, made in rich silk materials, at moderate prices, which are particularly suitable for tea or home dinner wear.

GRACEFUL TEA GOWN of printed chiffon in bold designs, full circular skirt, the bodice cut on slimming lines with small cape from shoulders; attractive coat with cape sleeves, made in soft printed moire to match. In various beautiful colourings.

PRICE

18½ Gns.

The original model in soft shades of green and rose chiffon and moire.

Price **25½ Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody.
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Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S. W. 1.
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PRACTICAL LINGERIE

Our New Spring Collection of dainty Handmade Lingerie is now ready for inspection, and the high reputation we hold for Exclusiveness and Finish is worthily maintained.

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Practical Camibocker *equally useful for day or evening wear, with perfectly shaped fitting bodice composed of firm satin ribbon ; the directoire legs are of good quality washing Jap Silk. For day wear in White, Pink, Beige and Black.*

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For evening wear with directoire legs of crêpe de Chine or triple Ninon. In Peach, Ivory, Coral, Black, Oyster, Beige, Green, Blue, Primrose and Black.

PRICE

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1
Exclusive, Practical Coatees from Made Lace Dept.

LA. 80. Charming Black Silver Metal Coatee cut on the new long lines, edged at bottom soft black fur, lined crêpe de Chine.

Price **7 Gns.**

Can also be had in Black/Gold or coloured Metal.

LA. 83. New Spring Coatee in multi-coloured crêpe de Chine. Lined crêpe to tone, and new flounce and collar of soft Champagne Foxaline.

Price **7 Gns.**

LA. 81. Useful house or afternoon Coatee. Copy of French model. Black crêpe de Chine embroidered with colour, lined crêpe.

Special Price **5 Gns.**

Black, embroidered Green, Blue, Silver, Grey, Red, Champagne, or all Black.

LA. 82. Attractive Gold Metal Lace Coatee to be worn with long gown. Gives a charming effect. Lined Georgette.

Price **5 Gns.**

Or can be made in similar Laces in Oxidized or Black.

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"COCKER"

BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS

Price £5 . 5 . 0

This charming example of the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENÉ PARIS is 3½ inches high, and is mounted on a marble base measuring 4⅜ inches by 3¼ inches. A delightful gift for all lovers of dogs.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, where orders will be executed in strict rotation. Prices £5 . 5 . 0; packing and postage (inland) extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

For the like of these

To Advertising People only!

These few words are a little bit more "shop." But for once in a way the "shop" is not about the people who are doing this, that and the other campaign and making such a mark with it—or (as you were saying at lunch) such a mess of it. The "shop" this time is about the people who aren't in any limelight at all, but have crept into a corner somewhere—hurt by something that has happened. Advertising people, in the agencies and the offices, who have for the moment been downed by something—perhaps an illness; perhaps a death!

The N.A.B.S. takes these people under its wing. The calls on the N.A.B.S. are getting more numerous every year. They are bound to—aren't they?—as advertising grows.

You are engaged in advertising. Are you helping the N.A.B.S.? Charity begins at home. But widen the circle of charity an inch, and surely the people with the next and nearest claim are the people of your own guild—those whose way is your way but their fortune not so happy as yours. With aged pensioners, with widows and the fatherless looking to it, the N.A.B.S. looks to you. For just a little! For what you can afford! Shall it look in vain?

The Annual Festival will be held at the Connaught Rooms on March 28th, when H.R.H. Prince George has graciously promised to speak. Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., will preside. The demand for tickets (12/6) is sure to be big, so early application is urged.

N·A·B·S

NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

Registered under the Friendly Societies Act, 1896

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uickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated n the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour w life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardized treatment, double strength (sufficient for four eeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from

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Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application.

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New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE
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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

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Practical Blouse made in rich quality crêpe de Chine, trimmed tucks and hand veining. In ivory, champagne, grey, flesh, pink, shades of beige. PRICE **29/6**

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Useful Satin Beauté Blouse made on tailored lines with the strappings the reverse way of material. In ivory, oyster, parchment and beige. PRICE **49/6**

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SENT ON APPROVAL.

Tailored Jumper made in crêpe de Chine shirting, perfectly cut with fullness from shoulders, finished two patch pockets. In ivory, new green, shades of beige, saxe, champagne and corn. PRICE **49/6**

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JUST as the Bermuda rig for yachts has given a lead to the world, so Bermuda itself is unique. In these romantic coral islands, greatly blest by Nature in climate, flowers, trees, birds and fishes, and retaining the old-world simplicity and homeliness of English colonial life, a holiday is the event of a lifetime and a wonderful restorative.

For full particulars write The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, or The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Gorse, Water Street, Liverpool.

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—

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2.15—5.15—8.15. Week commencing February 24th. SYBIL THORNDIKE & CO.; LLOYD SHAKESPEARE and His MERRY MEN; HOUSTON SISTERS; TALBOT O'FARRELL; THE 10 MAX RIVERS' GIRLS, Etc.

REGAL Marble Arch FOR ONE WEEK ONLY
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"ATLANTIC"
Following enormous success at the Alhambra, Leicester Sq.

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ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
Many of our visitors come several times every year. Motor down to lunch one day. You will find the Hotel, for all its hundred years, fitted with every modern luxury —a truly comfortable place to stay at. Electric lift, central heating, garage, famous chef. Write for illustrated booklet.
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Ideal Situation on Dartmoor
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From 4½ Gns. Weekly until May 31
TRAINS leave Paddington (G.W.R.), 10.30 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30, 3.30 p.m., etc., weekdays. Hotel 'buses meet trains.
Tariff from Hotel Manager.

ST. IVES
The "Gem" of the CORNISH RIVIERA
MILD AND EQUABLE CLIMATE
Sunset half an hour later than London.
Stay at the
TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL
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Central Heating. Oak Spring Floor for Dancing. Tennis.
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Sea view. Near Casino. Modern. From Frs. 60 inclusive.
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THE ENGLISH RESIDENTIAL HOTELS.
Facing Sea. — Large Garden. — 140 Rooms. — 30 Baths.

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Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
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Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres. 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

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Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

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AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
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DISFIGURING blemishes or similar defects which sometimes appear on the skin quickly vanish under the influence of a Phyllis Earle Facial Massage. This acceptable and most beneficial face treatment has been brought to a fine art by the beauty experts at the Phyllis Earle Salons.

Should it be inconvenient to visit these Salons, there is a Massage Treatment available for home use which consists of—

A Massage Cream for Night use.
A Non-greasy Massage Cream for use under powder.
A Box of the wonderful Green Face Powder.
Home Treatment in two sizes. Post Free. 8/- and 12/-

Also included with this treatment is a comprehensive yet simple massage chart illustrating the exact movements to be observed with each preparation.

Our experts will be glad to send—free on request—invaluable advice on any special treatment for the skin.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS
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Telephone: REGENT 7931 (8 lines.)

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
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SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Little Boy's Coat *made from fine Tweed in a mixture of Grey/Blue, smartly tailored and finished, belt at back.*

Size 18 *inch, Price* **84/6.**
„ 20 „ „ **89/6.**
„ 22 „ „ **94/6.**
„ 24 „ „ **99/6.**
Hat to match, Price **29/6.**

Little Boys' Jersey Suits *in various designs and colours now in stock.*

Bonsor's
Buccleuch
UNDERWEAR

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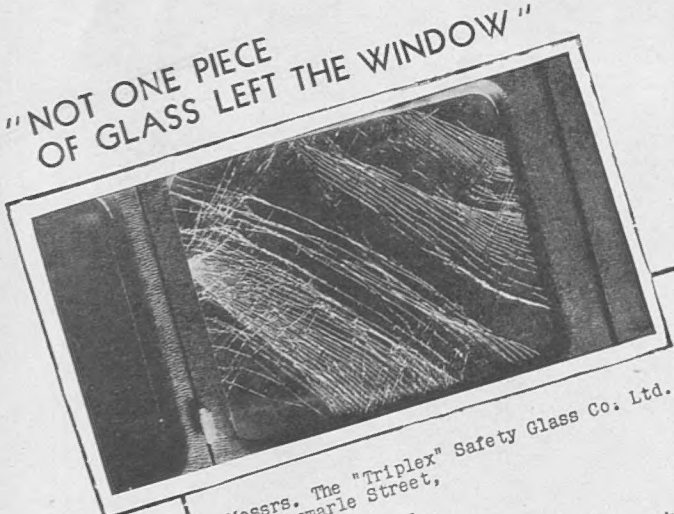

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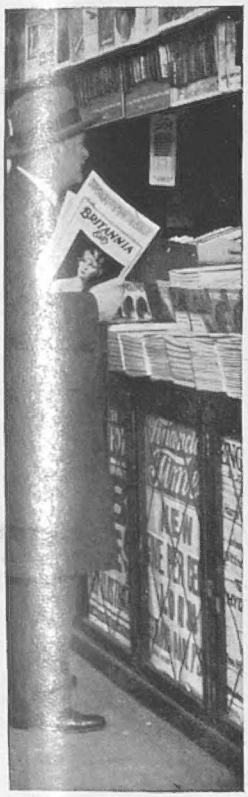

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"GETHSEMANE" by Dean Eltham
"DANGER" by May Edginton
"I AM GLAD THAT I AM GROWING OLDER!" by Lady Drummond Hay
"HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
"MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord Birkenhead
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
"FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," painted by F. Matania, R.I.
THE FUN FAIR
"FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
"CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
"THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
"I'M A DREAMER AREN'T WE ALL?"
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THREE NEW VERSIONS OF THE AFTERNOON GOWN
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THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS
"NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
"VENUS RISES AGAIN FROM THE FOAM" by "Chrysis"
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall
"MY MONTH ON THE GRAMOPHONE" by James Agate

In "DANGER" by May Edginton

Mary Dancer was playing with fire . . . the blazing fire of passion . . . with the fierce, burning flame of her maternal love. Which of the three men did she want? . . . What did she value most in the world?

In the monthly topic for discussion — "WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton

Who has not suffered from ice in the spine . . . ? What Englishman has not pretended to be Irish or even Scotch when he beholds the amazing antics of his countrymen abroad?

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